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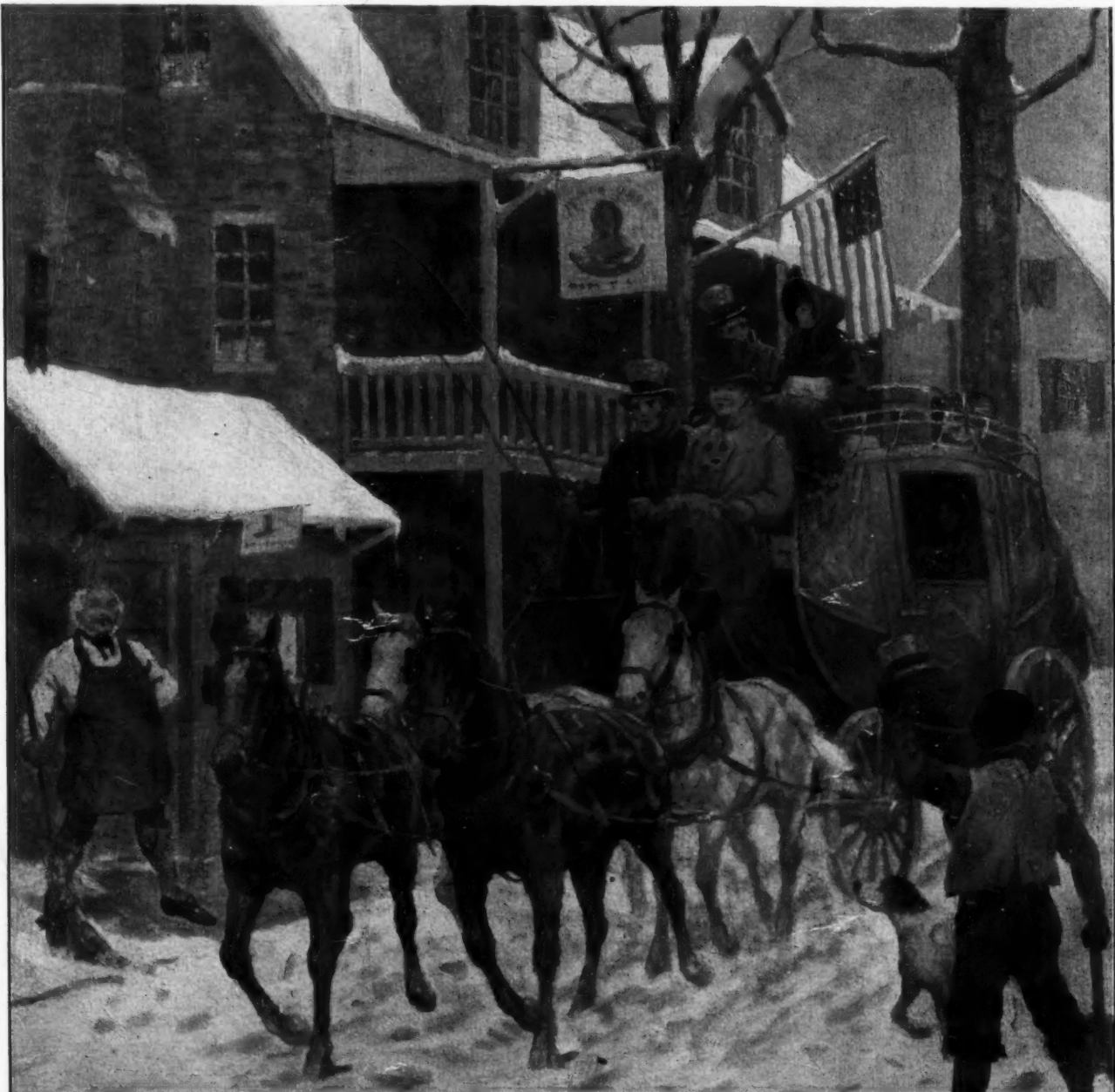
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October, 1927

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE *Mostly about People*

Vol. LVI OCTOBER, 1927 New Series No. 2

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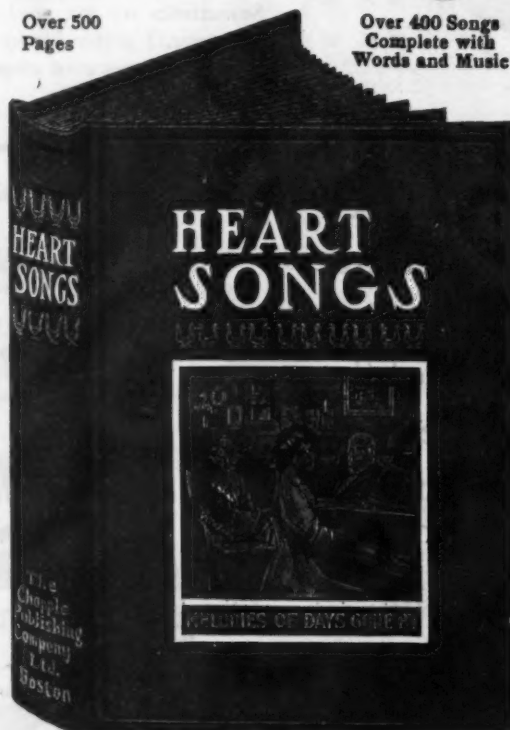
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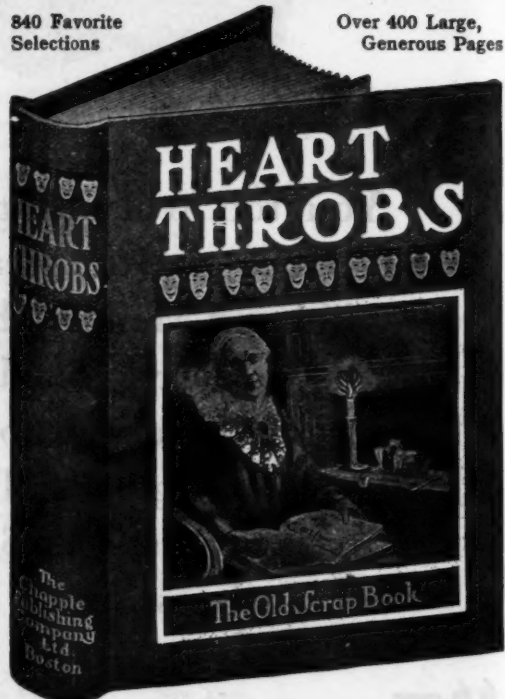
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Volume LVI

OCTOBER, 1927

New Series No. 2

Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE days of the Presidential campaign approach. Washington is showing more political color. Discussion of candidates starts freely, but usually ends in an "I don't know" conclusion. The President has resumed his work in the newly roofed White House and looks kindly on the addition of the roof garden. Much of his valuable time is now saved from the discussion of matters political, because of his emphatic "choose" announcement, which has saved him from all the harassing details that come to a Presidential candidate. The open field in the Republican race has precipitated a lively lineup among the various candidates.

Senator Gillett was one of the first to declare for Charles E. Hughes, followed by Secretary Mellon. The Hughes sentiment is crystallizing rapidly in the Empire State among Republicans, who believe that he is the only candidate who can carry New York in the event of the nomination of Governor Al Smith.

In the meantime the friends of former Governor Lowden are not allowing New York and the East to become neglected territory for the farmer candidate, who has many supporters in the East. A poll of the delegates has already been taken by his friends who have opened headquarters in New York, showing that he is in the lead. The supporters of Secretary Hoover betimes are not idle and his strength is quietly developing among those who have served with him in the various large public projects with which his name is associated. From now on Washington will continue to count noses and listen to the profound prophecies of the political wiseacres who feel that they have some means of telling just how the delegates to be chosen in the primaries will vote.

Lively interest in the Democratic situation developed when William G. McAdoo visited Washington and the East. He

made his withdrawal announcement with the declaration that he would oppose Governor Smith and felt that harmony could be secured and success assured by the withdrawal of both. E. T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture, has insisted that the nomination of Thomas J. Walsh of Montana would eliminate the religious issue and put the Democratic party right on the all-important issues of Farm Relief and Prohibition. He

declared the majority of the Democratic party, as well as the Republican party, was dry. In the offing at Washington, is the candidacy of Senators James Reed of Missouri and Joseph Robinson of Arkansas, not forgetting Newton D. Baker as the favorite son of Ohio, now that Governor Donahey is out of the race.

The absence of acute issues is likely to result in a campaign free from personal animosities. As one philosopher in Washington remarked, "There is no way of distinguishing a Democrat from a Republican in these piping times. Labels seem to count less than ever in these days of Prohibition. The old pre-war stock is hard to get."

* * *

THERE have been few army officers who are by law retired at the age of sixty-four who appear more fit for active service for many years to come than Major-General William Weigel. At the time of retiring, he was second ranking officer in the Second Corps area and had back of him forty-four years of unbroken United States Army service, reaching back to the Indian fighting days.

General Weigel was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and after graduating at the High School of his native town entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1887. His first service was on the Canadian border and then in Arizona, where he participated in the Apache and Navajo Indian campaigns. His company of Apache Indian scouts which he commanded were noted for their



Dwight Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico

fearlessness. In 1894 he was assigned to duty at West Point, where he remained until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and participated in the Cuban occupation. Promoted to captain in 1899, he saw his first service in the Philippines in 1901. He held Balangiga Samar in the Philippines with forty-eight men for twelve days against an insurrecto force of over five hundred, and saved his command from a massacre similar



Major-General William Weigel recently retired

to that which befell Company C of the Ninth Infantry. After four years service in the United States he was again returned to the Philippines, where he was active in assisting the civic authorities in smoothing out the revolutionary troubles. He was called from service on the Mexican Border to Hawaii, and promoted to grade of colonel in 1917.

Before leaving with his division for France in 1918, he was assigned to duty at Camp Devens, Mass. Promoted to the grade of major-general in August, 1919, he assumed command of the 88th Division and participated in the following battles: Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Oisno-Aisne, Meuse-Argonne and Defensive Sector of Haute-Alsace; and was three times cited for bravery and awarded the Croix de Guerre with three Palms and was made Commander of the Legion of Honor of France. The Distinguished Service Medal was awarded him as Commander of the 88th Division, and for exceptional service in the fighting at Vesle, 1918, where his aggressive work resulted in driving the hostile forces toward the Aisne. Honored by a degree of Master of Science from Rutgers College, in times of peace he kept in touch with the civic responsibilities of the army. In twenty-five minutes after the explosion at the Treasury Building in Wall Street, 1920, he was in command of troops surrounding the entire area. Soon after he was

promoted to the permanent grade of major-general, he returned to the Philippines in command of all the armed forces of the United States in the Far East, with the exception of those stationed in China.

Upon his retirement, he was the recipient of many letters of congratulations from not only soldiers and officers of his old command, but from thousands of eminent citizens, who have been in touch with the splendid service which he has rendered. His record in the Philippines prompted many of his admirers to suggest him as the logical successor of the late General Wood for reason of his early and later practical experience in dealing with all phases of the Philippine problem.

In appearance, General Weigel has a shock of prematurely grey hair, dark and snapping eyes, military moustache, with a sturdy activity that belies his years. His friends feel that he has before him many years of valuable service to render the Government in a capacity requiring a knowledge that can only be gained from the practical experience that has characterized the career of one of America's most popular and capable retired army officers.

* * *

IN meeting the Mexican problem, President Coolidge has drafted his friend and college classmate, Dwight W. Morrow. This involved considerable financial sacrifice on the part of Mr. Morrow, who promptly resigned and retired from the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. to take up the work as Ambassador to Mexico. One of the ambitions of President Coolidge is to settle the Mexican problem before he retires, and he logically chose Dwight W. Morrow to do the work. Few men are more thoroughly conversant with international complications than Mr. Morrow, who, as a lawyer and banker, has been in touch with all the ramifications of business relations that have so much to do with amicable political associations. He was born in Huntington, West Virginia, in 1873 and was at Amherst with Calvin Coolidge. In 1914, he joined Morgan & Co. and was prominent in wartime activities, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by General Pershing for exceptional meritorious and distinguished services in connection with the military, shipping matters and the Board of Allied Supplies.

As a clear thinker and one who goes straight to the crux of the situation,

Dwight Morrow has long enjoyed a special distinction in financial and industrial circles. There is a feeling that when he undertakes anything satisfactory results will follow. The tribute paid him by Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, an outspoken critic of the administration on the Mexican situation is significant:

"If Mr. Morrow is going to Mexico to carry out a policy of friendly cooperation, a policy looking to the readjustment of our controversy with Mexico, upon peaceful and just lines and with a due regard for the rights of all parties, I think he is in a



William Gibbs McAdoo, who recently announced that he will not be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination next year

position to render a public service of incalculable value. His known ability will enable him to perform a real and distinct service.

"My own feeling in regard to the matter turns entirely upon what I would regard as the policy of this government toward Mexico. I think Mr. Morrow would carry out the policy of the government."

Senator Moses of New Hampshire, another Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, confined himself to this cryptic comment: "It is a capital appointment."

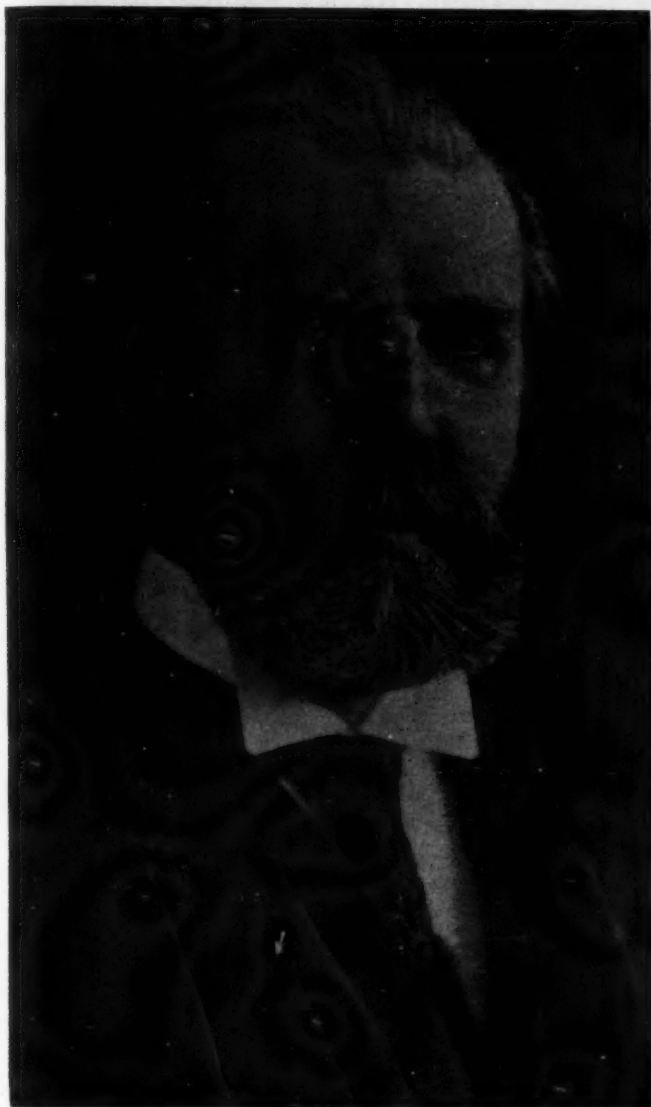
Senators Frazier and Nye of North Dakota, both of the Republican insurgent group, expressed the opinion that the

THE reception given General Pershing at the Convention of the American Legion in France has brought back echoes that the leader of the A. E. F. in France during the war would prove a popular candidate among the soldiers who wore the khaki overseas. His fame and his popularity have



General John J. Pershing received magnificent ovation while attending the convention of the American Legion recently held in Paris

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Hon. Charles E. Hughes, former Governor of New York, former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, candidate for President in 1916, served as Secretary of State under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, who is being mentioned to lead the Republican party again in 1928

Morrow selection would not tend to clear away misunderstanding with Mexico.

Senator Ashurst, Democrat, Arizona, said he believed Mr. Morrow would be confirmed by the Senate, while another Democrat, Senator Fletcher of Florida, said he was sure Mr. Morrow had the "ability and qualifications" required for the position.

been enhanced by the years. The reception given him and General Foch in Paris will not soon be forgotten by those who attended the Convention. There was a realization that after all Pershing was the commander of the successful and victorious American troops and the old-time fervor of military fame may play a part in the coming Presidential campaign as it has in years past. Hailing from the West, General Pershing could appear as the favorite son of Missouri and with the support of such friends as General Dawes in the West and the strength of the Legion in all parts of the country might result in giving him a most formidable vote on the first roll call.

* * *

AS a result of the World Agricultural Census now being taken, it is expected that for the first time in history comparable data will be made available covering the production of the most important agricultural products in practically all of the countries of the world wherein facilities to do the work exist or can be created. In several instances the census will be the first effort at comprehensive crop and livestock estimating those countries ever attempted, and involves the creating of practically new government organizations. In other countries existing machinery must be expanded somewhat, and a certain amount of change in method appears necessary in order to have results conform to the standard census schedules prepared

by the Institute under Mr. Estabrook's direction. Where any doubt regarding wholehearted participation in the plan has been expressed, the doubt has arisen with respect to the possibility of a lack of sufficient public funds rather than from a lack of interest in the project itself.

Information collected by the International Institute of Agriculture indicates that only thirty-seven countries have



Hon. Frank O. Lowden, Illinois' war governor and one of those mentioned as a Republican Presidential nominee

taken an agricultural census during the past twenty-five years. These countries represent less than half the land area and about thirty per cent of the population of the world.

* * *

DIPLOMATIC circles in Washington, as well as the country at large, were shocked when the news flashed from Germany of the airplane crash that resulted in the untimely death of Baron von Maltzan, the Ambassador from the German Republic to the United States. Although he had been in the service less than two years, he had made a most favorable and

deep impression in official circles. The Baron and his charming wife had endeared themselves to Washington society. He made a trip to Florida last winter and was given an ovation by business men and representative people from all parts of the country, who recognized in him the man of the hour to adjust the situation following the World War between his own country and the United States. The tribute by Secretary of State Kellogg, following the generous and kind words of appreciation by President Coolidge, was a most fitting honor due to his memory.

Secretary of State Kellogg said:

"Baron von Maltzan was one of Germany's most accomplished diplomats. He proved his ability in Washington as he has proved it in Berlin. His aim in Washington, outside of his official duties, was in bringing about more cordial relations between the American and German people. His efforts were highly successful as he was personally known and liked all over the United States.

"His intelligence and tact and the friendly spirit in which he conducted his negotiations were recognized and appreciated by all officials of the American Government. He often said that he hoped to remain in Washington for twenty years. It is a tragedy that his death should have put an end to the fine work he was carrying on. Baron von Maltzan's position will be difficult to fill."

The accident occurred when the Baron, on a vacation from his post, boarded the plane at Berlin to meet the Baroness and his daughter Edith in Munich. The pilot had flown over one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles and was one of the most trusted in the service, but it is felt that he might have lost consciousness, for it was found in the wreck that he had not pulled out the ignition key, which is necessary to avoid an explosion when crashing. It is thought that the propeller broke from the plane, releasing the engine, which, running wild without its load, occasioned the forward seven somersaults crash to the ground.

* * *

ONE of the most remarkable records made by any official in Washington is that of First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett. He has humanized the largest business organization in the world. When he entered the service he followed out the plan of holding conferences of postmasters and postal employees in every state, bringing the people of the Post Office Department closer together with the public, many of whom had never met before, into a fraternal relationship that still obtains. He appreciated what the service means to the country and was intent on giving the men of the organization an opportunity to know themselves.

His recent address at the Postmasters' Convention at Niagara Falls is one of the most comprehensive surveys—a birdseye view of the handling of United States mail—that has ever been presented. It reveals what he has accomplished in the days since he was appointed by President Harding to take up this work at the time he was considering making him a member of his Cabinet.

On the shores of Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, John H. Bartlett was born and spent his boyhood days, having the experiences of the average son of the Granite State. Graduating from Dartmouth in '94 he became principal of the high school at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. After making a record as a school teacher, he accepted a position in the post-office. Little did he think when he was cancelling stamps as postmaster that he would sometime be First Assistant Postmaster General of the Department. From the post office he

graduated into a law office and became the law partner of Judge Calvin Page and president of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company. In 1918 he was nominated by the Republican party for Governor, without an opposing candidate, the first instance of an uncontested gubernatorial nomination of his party in the history of the state.

A delegate to the Republican National 1920 Convention, he took an active part in the work of the National Speakers' Bureau during the campaign. Going to Washington in 1921 as president of the Civil Service Commission, his abilities were soon recognized by President Harding who urged him to enter the Post Office Department. In this work Governor Bartlett has more than fulfilled expectations for there is not a postmaster in the country who does not know and appreciate his sympathetic interest and sound understanding of what good postal service requires.

A hard-headed and practical business man, Governor Bartlett, sitting at his desk set diagonally in the corner of his office,



Hon. Newton D. Baker of Cleveland, Ohio, former Secretary of War under President Wilson, prominently mentioned for the Democratic Presidential Nomination

settles questions on buildings and personnel with celerity. Around his room are portraits of many postmasters. In fact, he lives in the atmosphere of the postal service, and when he enters his room, sits down at his desk and looks at them through his glasses, he is getting right at what is wanted and getting it as quickly as possible.

"My work in the department has been an inspiration.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of splendid men in the postal service who appreciate recognition from the Republic of the service they render the same as any other men. The mere fact that men work for the government does not make them different from men working in other capacities. The



Edwin T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture and prominent Democratic leader from Iowa

efficiency of the Post Office Department in the past few years, to say nothing of the air mail service, has made rapid strides. We have been fortunate in having presidents and postmaster-generals who have believed in their men who meet the public more times and in more ways than in any other branch of governmental service. Wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam in the mail service means the promotion of the public good in civic life as well as the khaki and blue stands for unchallenged loyalty in the army and navy."

* * *

IT seemed a contrast of crowds to see Washington folk hieing themselves toward Baltimore, the birthplace of "The Star Spangled Banner," to Halethorpe to witness the "Fair of the Iron Horse" instead of following the races at Laurel or Havre

de Grace. The opening ceremonies were most impressive, witnessed by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Attorney-General Sargent, representing the President. There were many prominent railroad men in the audience who felt the thrill of the other employees as the chorus rang out "We are working on the railroad." The Fair was pronounced the most successful exposition that has ever been given in America, illustrating the progress and evolution of transportation. When President Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, greeted Governor Ritchie, the band burst forth with the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," just as dear to the Maryland heart today as it was when the business men of Baltimore gathered together and decided to build a railroad to the Ohio River. The pageant, beginning with floats represent-



Baron von Maltzan, German Ambassador to the United States, killed in an aeroplane crash in Germany in September

ing every detail of transportation from the time of the Indians to the latest and last word in the way of railroad equipment, was an impressive and colorful procession and told the story in a vivid picture. It made every railroad man feel the dignity and importance of his calling, dealing as it does with the fundamental of national economic progress.

Aviation with all its wonders will never supersede the necessity of locomotion over this terrestrial sphere, as long as human beings walk or move about their

worldly possessions and products. On the circular track, the locomotives proceeded in stately procession, beginning with that upright boiler locomotive used in 1829, the "DeWitt Clinton" with its stage-coach carriages; the "William Mason," the first to indicate the evolution of the modern locomotive, and the "William Crooks," the first train on the St. Paul and Pacific, which is associated with the dream of James J. Hill in the building of a trans-continental railroad. As the most powerful locomotive in all Great Britain, the "King George V" of the Great Western Line swept down majestically over the rails, the bands played the greeting accorded to the royalty of England. There was not a detail overlooked in the completeness of the Exposition and everything opened on time, as scheduled, railroad fashion.

The Transportation Building was a complete Exposition in itself, showing about every form of a locomotive that has been built since the days when Sir Isaac Newton made a model, but never built a locomotive. There was even a time when they used horses in a treadmill as a means of locomotion. The exhibits were especially interesting to the young folks, so familiar with automobiles, for here they looked upon the very genesis of the idea which has resulted in the more speedy methods of transportation of modern times. Even on that first day there was an appeal to President Willard to continue the Fair for at least another two weeks to give the people a chance to look upon the crystallization of a great idea so well carried out by Mr. Herbert Hungerford.

The Allied Building contained the telegraph instrument used by S. F. B. Morse when he sent that historic telegram from Washington to Baltimore over the wires: "What God hath wrought."

In the same building there were exhibits by the United States Post Office Department, the express company, and steamboat

lines. It revealed the collateral results that followed the advent of the "Iron Horse."

The thousands of people in the grandstand witnessing this procession day after day in the open air were the same sort of people that looked upon the pageants in Rome, with the realization that there had been no change in methods of transportation from the time of Caesar to the days of Robert Fulton's *Claremont* on the Hudson. The costumes of each period were most faithfully reproduced, and some of the young Baltimore belles even wore the dresses and the jewelry that their great-grandmothers had worn when the first Baltimore & Ohio train arrived in the Monumental City.

MORE thrilling than any address on the floors of Congress was the message of the radio announcers at the prize fight held in Chicago after the lengthening shadows of the memorable September 22, 1927. Talk about your gladiatorial pictures—there was certainly some punch in these announcements as they came round by round, listened to with bated breath by millions of people, including the President of the United States. One enthusiast has insisted that the excitement of hearing the details of the fight occasioned the death of over ten fight fans who were unable to stand the excitement of the moment. This cynic has also suggested that an occasional bout according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules on the floors of the Senate would arouse much more interest than the contests there waged according to parliamentary rules. The attendance of Congressmen and Senators at the fight is said to have been larger numerically than at the average session of Congress. The interest in fighting indicated in the dynamic punches of Dempsey and the sparring and terrific head-walloping of Tunney is not altogether reassuring to the pacifists who insist that the time of enduring peace has arrived when mankind will no longer fight.

FOLLOWING the recommendation made by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh on the first day of his return, F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War, in a radio talk sounded a warning and frowned upon Marathon air flights. He addressed himself especially to the young people who are seeking instruction and elementary knowledge in the possibilities and limitations of flying. Secretary Davison himself was seriously injured in an airplane accident, and he knows whereof he speaks.

There were millions of young ears listening in as he gave the most timely and interesting address on aviation ever delivered over the radio:

"The day will undoubtedly come when planes will be able to cross the Atlantic and the Pacific on schedule, but that day, in the light of events which have transpired during recent months, has not yet arrived," said Mr. Davison. "Until it does come, we must proceed with caution, and caution in flights is just as essential as courage. The bridging of thousand-mile gaps by air over the sea is a mighty conquest, but it is a conquest that should be sought first of all in research laboratories and in exhaustive tests. Until those preliminary conquests have been made, I believe further trans-oceanic flying should be discouraged."

"The army's flight to Honolulu lasted less than twenty-five hours, but months were spent in testing the performance of plane and motor, the accuracy of the navigation instruments, and in working out navigation data. Not until Major-General Patrick, chief of the Army Air Corps, had personally inspected the transport selected for the flight, were Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger permitted to take off."

"The airplane has demonstrated its ability to proceed, in hops of reasonable length, with the routine precision of trains, automobiles, ships and other methods of transportation. It has also demonstrated its superior speed and its military importance. As a travel medium, provided it is given adequate landing facilities, the airplane has most definitely established itself as an important adjunct of the transportation world."

"But to expect present-day planes to cross the seas on any sort of schedule would, in my mind, be tantamount to putting Hudson or Mississippi river steamers on runs between America and Europe and expect them to operate successfully."

Name Your Favorite Radio Program

Prizes will be offered to readers of the National who will send in the best descriptions of their favorite radio programs broadcast from all parts of the country

FROM a consensus of opinion gathered from thousands of subscribers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the conviction has crystallized that the greatest of all wonders of the world of this and all time is radio. The much-vaunted "seven wonders of the world" have been superseded by this eighth that has struck the full octave in the magna chord of marvels that has as freely distributed its benefits as the air we breathe.

When "of an evening" I sit at the radio I think of the millions of others who have found the lonesome hours whiled away with a companionship not only associated with the various programs that pour through the loud speaker, but the thought that friends far away may be listening to the same music and the same speech or report of the same prize fight which has riveted my attention. There is a feeling that I am almost in communication with them or that I am sitting in an audience at the theatre. Radio has brought to a full fruition the ideals of democracy, for it has diffused information to an extent that was never dreamed of even in the days when the magic "art preservative" of printing was invented by Gutenberg. While the present generation may take it all as a matter of course, those who have witnessed the miraculous development of the past fifty years still look on in wonderment as the sound floats or static cracks out of the ether into the innermost precincts of your home.

The heart of radio is the heart of the world. And as the human heart is credited with being the source of emotion, so radio is becoming the emotional center of earth's varied people.

The automobile to a great extent has done away with physical distance. It has brought village and city closer together; it has carried luxuries to isolated places and brought from them characteristic handiwork which might have perished from the earth had there been no sources through which to sell it.

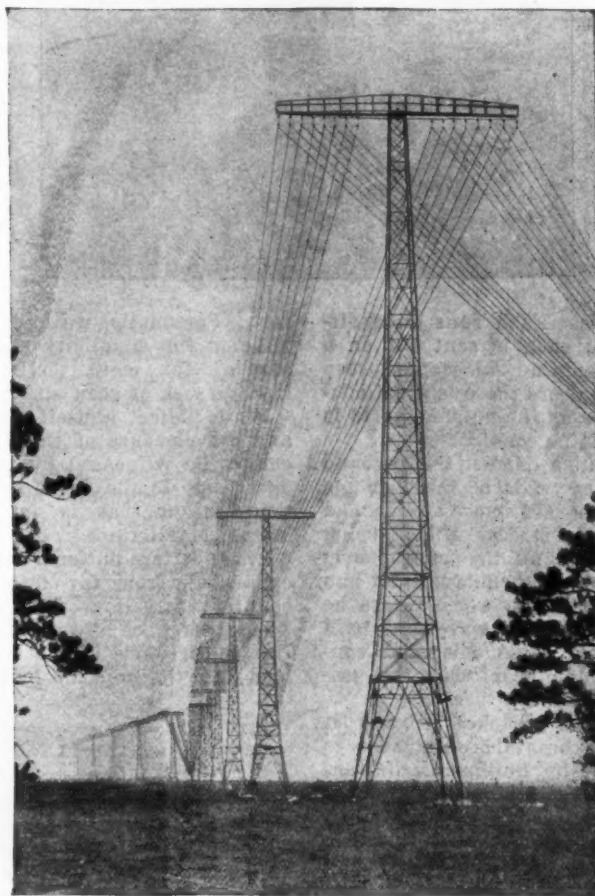
The radio, however, has little physical value. It is a cross section of the mental and artistic life of the day. Behold its power! No farmhouse lying snowbound at the foot of menacing mountains is so remote that the people within may not get across the air the dancing melodies of distant cities. No coast guardsman patrols a storm-lashed promontory too lonely to catch at its station the lecture on economics or some bed time story.

Five years ago the novelty of radio was sufficient to hold untold numbers of listeners nightly to devotion at the shrine of the twisting dials. That novelty has

ceased to entertain. After you had logged the far-distant stations, what of it? Of course you could always tell your neighbor about it. Today, however, your neighbor has a radio of his own and is by no means thrilled by such information.

they love, and joke about the inconsistencies and whimsicalities of their fellow-men, the radio shows the ever shimmering emotional color of the race.

Station WEAJ is located on New York's Broadway. Between the skyscrapers the



Sentinels of world wide wireless

The result has been that popular interest has turned from concentration on the dials to concentration on the programs offered by the many different stations. The wavering soprano, the boy harmonica-player, the volunteer quartette and the would-be humorist have given place to the string quartette, the operatic and concert baritone, chorus, the symphony orchestra and short talks by men and women of accepted authority in their special fields. Therefore the entertainment and instruction quite obviously cannot be duplicated on any physical stage or platform in the civilized world.

And inasmuch as people talk about things dear to their hearts, sing the songs

streets seem like deep, silent canyons even on week-day nights, but on Sundays there is an eerie loneliness that is appalling. Suddenly a taxi dashes up to the door of a building. A cloaked figure steps quickly through the swinging doors into the entrance where a solitary watchman, sepulchral but politely, directs the visitor to the "Fourth Floor."

The elevator discharges its occupants into a scene of bustling activity. The reception room is like the lobby of a busy hotel. Broadcasting rooms, like the many facets of a diamond, reveal different groups at work while the little red light over the sound-proof doors flashes on and off after the manner of a traffic signal, to

warn those who would enter that a program is going out on the air.

Through the glass doors one catches glimpses of a symphony orchestra; a grand opera star, a jazz band, a comedy

clothes, with starched shirt-front and high-standing collar. Perspiring under nervousness, he suddenly took off his coat, tore away his collar and necktie and finished his program in comparative com-

pany who, only a little while ago, was a choir singer in the First Presbyterian Church at Middletown, Ohio. Miss Hunter's delight in this appreciation did not come because it followed her first concert over the radio, but because it was written by a little ballet girl who had been a momentary flutter of beauty in one of the operas Miss Hunter had sung in. The little ballet girl was happy once more to hear that "beautiful, familiar voice."

Even a more dramatic event occurred only a few days ago. There was a big liner at sea. She was eight hundred miles off shore and at the head of a lane where the crossing of ships was heavy. The fog was very thick and the Captain was anxious to locate his exact position in this line. He went up to the pilot house where the radio apparatus was and asked the operator to get him Cape Race. The direction was taken and various other notations made. Then the Captain ordered the operator to get him Cape Sable. More notations were taken, lines drawn, and the place where they met was gauged to be the location of the ship. Two days later when the fog had lifted and definite locations were established, the Captain found the radios of Cape Sable and Cape Race had formed an excellent basis for his calculation and that the maximum error was less than two miles.

At the present time there is being installed a new invention to enable ships to detect the approach of another in the fog. It has already been used successfully by the United States Lighthouse Service on the Pacific coast and consists of a small automatic transmitter set up in the pilot house. It transmits an automatic signal audible to ships within a ten-mile radius, which can then, by the use of the radio compass, trace the course of other ships around them. Now ships may "pass in the night" and may speak to each other in passing.

* * *

Comments on the various programs broadcast from stations in all parts of the country are interesting human documents,



President Coolidge at the Microphone

quartette perhaps. Each runs on a different air route; each is sent out on a different wave length. As people sweep in and out of the doors there is great confusion, but so far as the outside world is concerned there is no conflict.

No deep hangings deaden the rebound of sound from the walls of these simple rooms. They are not much to see: a piano, chairs and "Modest Mike," being the intimate name of the microphone, tethered to a cable long enough to let him roam to any part of the room where he can best catch the sound waves. A twin "Mike" to the rear saves delay and confusion for the announcer when the program is being broadcast.

As the moment approaches, a tense silence grows into breathless suspense to be relieved finally by Phillips Carlin, announcing the program. The musical director lifts his baton. The musicians await the signal. The first strain of music comes. And there steals over the consciousness a strange sensation as one realizes that "out there" are millions listening. The gray wall, against which "Mike" is set, fades away and endless space engulfs all.

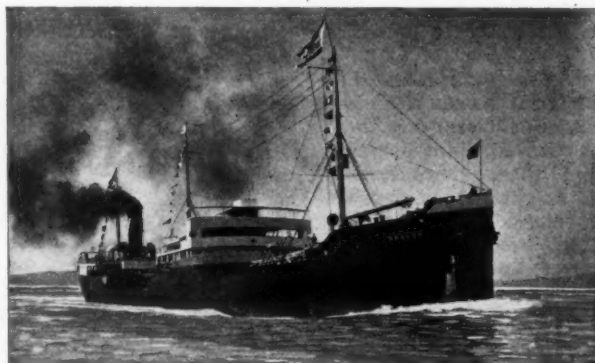
No wonder eminent artists sometimes quail before the psychological impression of this unseen audience of millions. The simple turning of a switch has changed this physical world into a spirit world. Seas and mountains mean no barriers at all between the singer and the homes of the land.

Attendants at the broadcasting station have many amusing stories to tell of the way this ordeal has been met sometimes by artists of world fame. One night, to this station, a prominent Metropolitan baritone came to sing, dressed in evening

fort. Personally, we have found Modest Mike in his simplicity and lack of "applause" far more terrifying than the kindly faces of seen audiences.

While "Mike" himself gives no applause and the pleasure of thousands of people cannot be witnessed by the giver, there does come to the broadcasting studio an appreciation that is far more tender. There come letters.

These letters flutter in, travel-worn and exhausted, from far-off outposts of our country as well as from near-by cities. Then there are always surprise letters, from old friends of the artist who stumbled onto the program by accident. Some



The RCA equipped steamship "Vacuum" of the Vacuum Oil Company

come from business men who dictate dignified, formal appreciation to the office stenographer. There are letters from timid people who confess that they do not as a rule write letters to artists; and there are letters from students.

A sweet, touching little note came a few weeks ago to Louise Hunter, young soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Com-

pany but the best of them are not sent in to the artists or to the stations. It is the free and easy and untrammelled comment among radio fans that indicate which way the "ether winds" are blowing, so to speak. The radio furnishes an inexhaustible source to the humorists and funny papers, who have only to record a mixed and continuous medley of the different programs to create

Continued on page 94

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

YEARS ago when the advertising profession was in its infancy, R. T. Stanton was in the forefront blazing the pathway for a business that has grown into billions. For forty years he has been a real "Dad" to many of the leaders in the advertising profession, including William H. Rankin, William Boyd, Director of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the Curtis Publishing Co., Harry E. Lesan, C. D. Spalding, E. W. Hazen, Jim Veree, M. W. Cresap of Hart-Schaffner & Marx, William H. Simpson of the Santa Fe, G. T. Hodges of the *New York Sun*, A. D. Mayo and a host of others now prominent in American advertising activities.

Although approaching his four-score years, Dad Stanton keeps up his golf and is in close touch with the doings of "his boys." He was scattering sunshine by telling me of so many kind things another friend had said about me. That is Dad's way of doing it. His wife died in early womanhood and he mothered three splendid sons and a daughter to manhood and womanhood, to say nothing of the thousands of other young men whom he has helped along in their work, that are the pride of his life. Now the children and grandchildren of these boys, together with those of his own flesh and blood, give him the endearing title of "Dad."

An unkind word is unthinkable in connection with a thought of Dad Stanton. His

the man who refused to be set back by his off days always accomplishes bigger things than the moody cuss to whom every difficulty is a calamity. I suppose it is really a matter of the size of a man's vision of the big game of life. Little men stumble over little obstacles and the shallow pond is disturbed by a small wind. It pleases me very much to know that you are not disturbed by bad scores, but that the playing of the game is the thing that has the real fun in it for you. That attitude toward the game of life will take you a long, long way."

One young man commented on Dad's philosophy thus: "If we accept the postulate that man's chief purpose in life is the pursuit of happiness, Dad Stanton has certainly won success in very large measure in the evening of life. If happiness be the measure of success, very few great men have been successful—a shrewish wife, a wicked son, loved ones taken by death or suffering from incurable disease, personal poverty—a thousand and one ills and annoyances seem to have pursued those who have accomplished great things in the world. And yet, not infrequently we catch a flash of the real soul of such a one in their serene old age."

Continuing, Dad Stanton answered to the pointed question: "When you were young how did you look into the future?"

"To tell the truth I have always been afraid to look very far ahead. But there has been nothing in life that excels the sat-

EVEN his bitterest opponent admired the late Wayne B. Wheeler as a foe. He was a square fighter, a stormy petrel to the liquor interests, and the tributes paid to



The late Wayne B. Wheeler

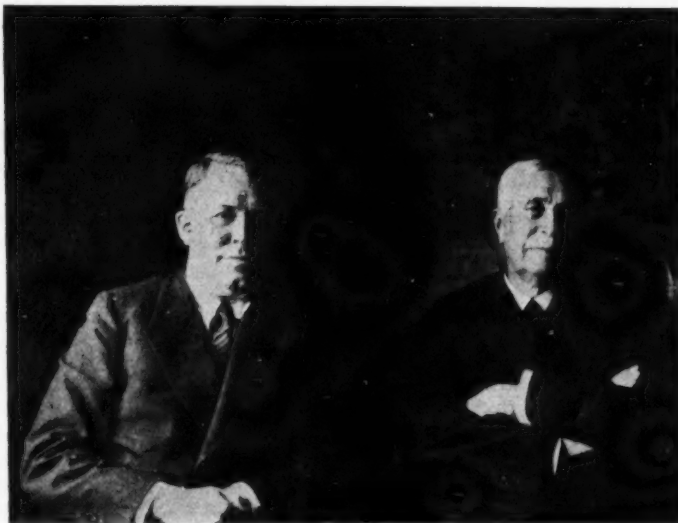
him by those with whom he contended were quite as impressive as the encomiums that come from his associates. There is no doubt in my mind that the eighteenth amendment was the work of Wayne B. Wheeler. I have seen him in action in Washington.

His was one familiar face to legislators at Washington, to allies and foes alike of prohibition. This seasoned veteran could almost look out of his office window and keep a fatherly eye on Congress. As general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, he kept well in front on the Prohibition firing line.

When I first met him he seemed the antithesis of the popular conception of a dry crusader. He could laugh and was human without wearing an undertaker's smile. In conversation there was no inconsequential and inane chatter—he knew the exact point towards which he was driving.

"In the campaigns I have been through I find that men are inclined to be fair minded, clean and wholesome—even our bitterest opponents respect our purposes and some of our accomplishments, if not our methods," was his cheery comment.

Wayne Wheeler had an eagle eye and kept in close touch with the enemy, for he had been up against many fights that have been called hopeless, and won his battles by the process of elimination. The wet membership of Congress who have been dropped



William H. Rankin (left) and "Dad" Stanton

philosophy of life is wholesome—it is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game with him. As he commented in a letter written to one of his young friends: "I've lived long enough to see clearly that

isfaction of the wonderful joy of sacrifice for others and the hope that we can make our poverty and struggle a basis of enduring happiness, as we look forward to the sunset of life."

one by one, understand this. The last time he made an attack on Congress there were only about sixty wets, and they led a forlorn hope in their fight for 2.75 per cent beer—the people are going to take no chances in the return of the saloon.

"There is no use in trying to fool ourselves into believing that the battle is won. The real work of prohibition has just begun, and the enforcement of the law is coming through public sentiment which recognizes that the general habitual drinking of liquor

only a few weeks after the funeral of his beloved life companion, who had stood at his side cheering him on during many a hard-fought campaign.

* * *

THERE are few people associated with railroads in the country known to more of the employees than Margaret Talbot Stevens of the Baltimore and Ohio. She has contributed for some years to the publication which they all read, a series of articles under the title of "Aunt Mary." While Miss Stevens has not even reached the distinction of being an aunt in fact, she has become a real personality to the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio. She has traveled over the road, here, there and everywhere, taking part in all their exercises and organization work and even visiting the homes. She has also been on Presidential trains and plays her part in looking after the guests of the road.

She is the author of the Pageant of the Transportation presented at the "Fair of the Iron Horse," held September 24 to October 8 at Baltimore. Indians, steam engines, stage coaches, ox-carts, conestoga wagons, and canal boats—Samuel Morse, Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay figure in this pageant, in historical sequence. The pageant is written in blank verse, iambic pentameter, and tells the story of transportation in America from the days when the



Margaret T. Stevens, associate editor, *Baltimore and Ohio Magazine*, author of the Pageant of Transportation presented at the "Fair of the Iron Horse," September 24–October 8. Indians, steam engines, stage coaches, ox-carts, conestoga wagons, and canal boats, Samuel Morse, Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay figured in this pageant, in historical sequence. The pageant is written in blank verse, iambic pentameter, and tells the story of transportation in America from the days when the Indian carried his goods and chattels by horse and travois, to the highly-developed methods of present-day transportation. Miss Stevens has also written the words of the Baltimore and Ohio centenary march, "Hail the Baltimore and Ohio!" Music by Walter Goodwin, New York

For over forty years Wayne Wheeler was in the very thick of legislative fights, and he did not have to stop to look up the law, for he had a long range memory and knew prohibition law. He analyzed every word and comma of every bill before Congress from the time it was proposed up to the last motion when it was disposed in final action.

The flank attacks and large funds raised to attack prohibition did not appal Wayne Wheeler for he was born fifty-eight years ago, in Brookfield, Ohio, the state where they begin early in developing a political instinct. As a student at Oberlin College he was inspired with the vision of a saloonless America. One of his last statements is significant:

by the masses has become a thing of the past.

"The abolition of the saloons has come to stay as an economic as well as a moral necessity. The coming generation will not become bootleggers or consort with them in defiance of laws and in face of sentiment that still prevails. Drinking liquor is not essential to getting on in the world or becoming good citizens of the Republic."

The last of his days were saddened by the loss of his wife and helpmate through an accident, being burned to death in her own home in sight of her father, who dropped dead when he saw his daughter dying in the flames. This shock was too much for the intrepid crusader and he lived



The late Marcus Loew

Indian carried his goods and chattels by horse and travois, to the highly-developed methods of present-day transportation. Miss Stevens has also written the words of the Baltimore and Ohio centenary march, "Hail the Baltimore and Ohio!"

* * *

WHEN the father of the late Marcus Loew arrived in America from Austria, and located on Avenue B in New York City, he little dreamed that his son Marcus would some day have a theatre marking the site on which he was born. A theatre marks the very spot where Marcus Loew was married, on 86th Street, showing that sentiment still prevails in business.

Marcus Loew's first business venture was publishing a newspaper. He launched in the fur business while still a young man,

and then came a failure on which his later success was builded. When David Warfield was first starring in New York, he and Marcus Loew took many walks together, and while on one of these pavement strolls they observed people crowding into the penny ar-



A "swimmin' hole" made by three water buffaloes damming a small stream on the plateau between Erivan and Leninakan

cade to see pictures "that moved." Marcus Loew already knew how to make the coppers count, and the sight of people investing their pennies for a "peep" lured him back to the basic coin as a unit of investment. Over \$156,000 represented the profit made out of pennies the first year. This convinced him that he was going in the right direction.

The little wizard of motion pictures had a trip-hammer mind. He kept seven things going at the same time and the door of his office open for his employees. Known as "M. L." he had a positive dislike for being "yessed," as I found out in my last interview.

"I like to see theatres grow just as some people like to see plants, flowers, trees, corn and other things grow. Here is a young star, Orville Harrold, who first sang for me in New Rochelle for forty dollars a week—now I pay him \$3,500 a week. His success indicates how the Loew enterprises develop.

change (I found that out in the fur business), pictures change, and one must keep moving to keep abreast of changes—shifting scenes furnish the spice of life."

Counting his coppers on the curb in New York after the early morning rush selling newspapers, little Marcus Loew, aged six, learned the magic of pennies. Later he created a "penny arcade" that piled up pennies into profits in one year—completing the cycle of a cent.

"My plan at four and fifty is the same—try and get ahead of the fellow just in front of me"—were the words addressed to me by this big little man who had become a foremost motion picture magnate.

* * *

HERE is at least one book with a well-chosen title. A work of art written by Esther Pohl Lovejoy, M. D., Chairman of the Executive Board of the American Women's Hospitals, and President of the Medical Women's International Association.

"Certain Samaritans" is a large book crammed full of exceedingly interesting information on all phases of the refugee work done by the American Women's Hospital's Near East Relief, and similar organizations. Dr. Lovejoy describes scenes of horror and scenes of happiness of victory over some spreading disease which had been killing helpless refugees by thousands, with such reality as to make the reader live those scenes almost as much as though he had been there himself. For those interested in the welfare of people outside of their own small part of the world, "Certain Samaritans" should be a volume of intense interest. After reading it, those people who have been reluctant to give small contributions to organizations working in the Near East will, in all probability, even look for a chance to give, when they read of all

hardship women went through and are still going through in an attempt to bring back a forlorn and weary race to a position where it can fight its own fight for a place in the world.

That these people are talented and worthy of outside help is illustrated by the frontispiece of the book which was drawn by a refugee in Constantinople, who, on account of his talent was sent to Paris where his work has already won recognition. The



Esther Pohl Lovejoy, M. D., Chairman of Executive Board of the American Women's Hospitals, and President of the Medical Women's International Association

book is well written, well illustrated, and well printed. Published by the Macmillan Company of New York. Price \$3.00.

* * *

AS a rule magazines boast of the large number of subscribers they have among young people, insisting that this is the circulation that counts. They seem to forget that the elderly people were once young people and are the real balancing force. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE boasts of a large number of subscribers who are over seventy and we are proud of them. They are the liveliest lot of subscribers on the list. One of them, Miss Mary E. Southworth of Linden, N. J., won a prize for naming the Lindbergh etching, and she writes:

"This is my first attempt to win a prize made during my eighty years sojourn on this planet and I am thrilled with my success. Am trying to keep a level head under the shock, and maintain the proper altitude in the Lindy Title Contest. I like THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE very much."

It is just like receiving letters from a sainted mother to read the greetings that come from so many subscribers who proudly confess that they have reached their four-score years. THE NATIONAL has several thousand subscribers who have confided that they are enjoying the sunset of their life—seventy years and more and one of them ninety—in reading THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE with its thrilling stories of aviation, politics, people, radio and affairs of the day.



American marines helping the sick on the Smyrna railroad pier. A Turkish naval officer (left) looking at a refugee lying near the edge of the pier

Some employers forget that their progress in business is oftentimes indicated in the salaries they pay."

There was no restlessness in his motions as he continued: "Everything changes every seven years—our physical bodies, styles

the horror, sickness, and death they have abolished, and of how much more they have still to abolish.

The book is a history of what women did in the World War, and after. It is hard for a man to realize how much horror and

Aviation Gossip for the Air-Minded

How sky-writing is done by the intrepid Captain Collyer—A glimpse of swift-moving aviation events—Tendency to fly too low causing many crashes

By CAPTAIN STEPHEN D. DAY

SO much has happened in the last thirty days in this boiling pot called aviation that we can only pick out the high spots.

The whole world is happy that Brock and Schlee have called off their proposed Pacific flight.

The boys who realize what they have done think they have enough honor for one trip. Having flown the frantic Atlantic, battled the Balkans, gotten past the diplomatic barriers of Turkey, crossed the hot, steamy jungles and dry deserts of the Orient, and then successfully ridden out a monsoon over the China Sea, they are wise to rest on their laurels.

The Pacific hop, or two hops as it really is, would have merely proved that their luck had held for them.

Schlee is a very successful oil man from Detroit. He looks like the pilot of the ship.

Brock, the pilot, looks for all the world like the prosperous business man who is backing the flight.

Their "We" is a trio. The Stinson-Detroit monoplanes, the backer and the pilot—and a wonderful combination they are.

Skywriting is coming into its own again! Look up over New York any day the sky is clear blue and you will see way up ten thousand feet a tiny speck sweeping across the sky with great smoke strokes the letters telling the story in a few words of some drink or cigarette.

The canvas is the blue bowl of Heaven, the paint is dense white smoke and the paint brush is an S. E. 5 A. combat single seater ship driven by a 220 H. P. motor.

Think of the pilot sitting up there in his



Captain Charles B. D. Collyer

tiny "office" clad in a fur-lined suit with goggles and leather helmet.

He must do his job with all the precision and skill of the etcher who handles the stylus on copper plate.

One mistake and his "show is ruined." His reactions must be quick as lightning. His judgment of air currents must be unerring.

Captain Charles B. D. Collyer has been skywriting since this great invention first came to America.

He is the man who wrote "Hail Lindy, Q. B." when Charles the Bold braved the paper storm in the canyons of lower New York.

Let's take a hop with Captain Collyer and see how he does it. Today he is writing "Drink Mavis" and as he takes off from Curtiss Field his practised senses have automatically gauged the direction and force of the wind and he has scanned the sky for cloud formations.

Climbing out of the warm muggy atmosphere that lies close to earth, he noses her up to a long even climb "upstairs" where the wind is steady, cold and keen as a knife.

At ten thousand feet he has reached his working altitude and proceeds to a point where he wants to place his sign.

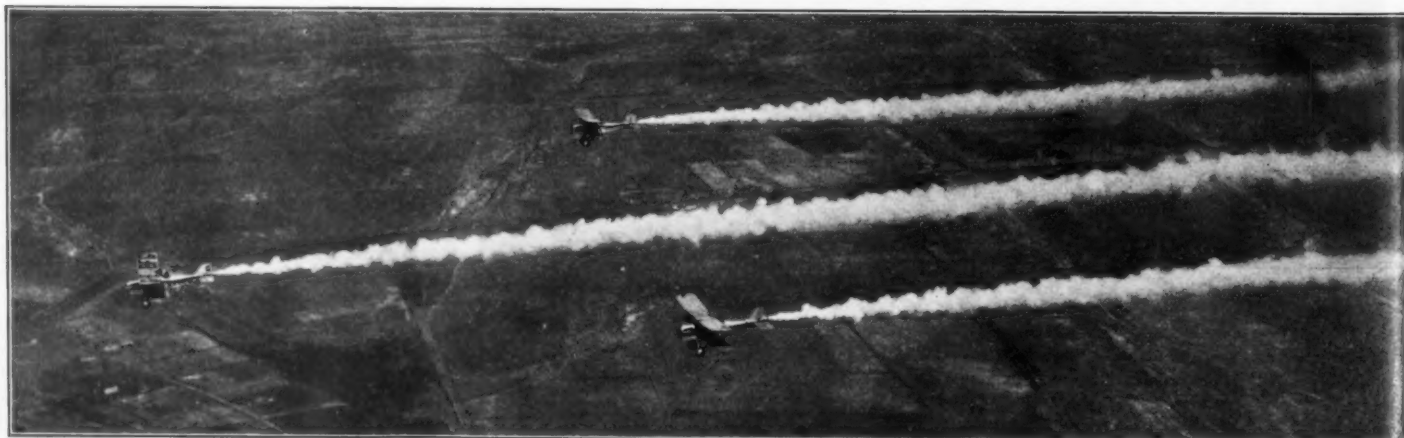
Should the wind be from the West and the "show" spotted over the New York Public Library, it is necessary to start writing well out over the Hudson or even over New Jersey if the wind is strong.

By means of a lever attached to the control stick, he releases the valves which control the chemical from which the smoke is made. These chemicals passing through the hot exhaust pipes from the motor, immediately expand into dense white adhesive smoke at the rate of 250,000 cubic feet a second.

The size of the sign is five miles long and each letter is one-half mile high.

Taking care to keep his whole sign in per-

Continued on page 92



A thrilling glimpse of aeroplanes writing in the vaulted dome of the skies

Making Helpfulness a Business in Itself

Some experiences in connection with the human side of the Morris Plan Banks operating all over the country—An address by the editor at the National Morris Plan Convention held at Newport, Rhode Island

THE high standard of achievement in art, literature, or science is the measure of human welfare it serves. The editor of the newspapers, the authors of books, the leaders in business are constantly concentrating on something that in the last analysis touches human life. This comprehends more than all the humanities, because it deals with that magnetic spark that makes people think, act, and achieve. History is called a bundle of biographies, and the biographies that are most dramatic, tragic, romantic and inspiring are often never written. Now and then a great author takes a character, and makes it a notable name in fiction. It is famous because it is human. Every personality is interesting. The highspots in your life and my life or of those living a humdrum existence have aspects and angles and under a touch of imagination in the hands of a genius seem to enter the realm of greatness.

Millet with his "Angelus," Markham with his "Man of the Hoe," have illustrated how the highest in art is achieved by the commonplace.

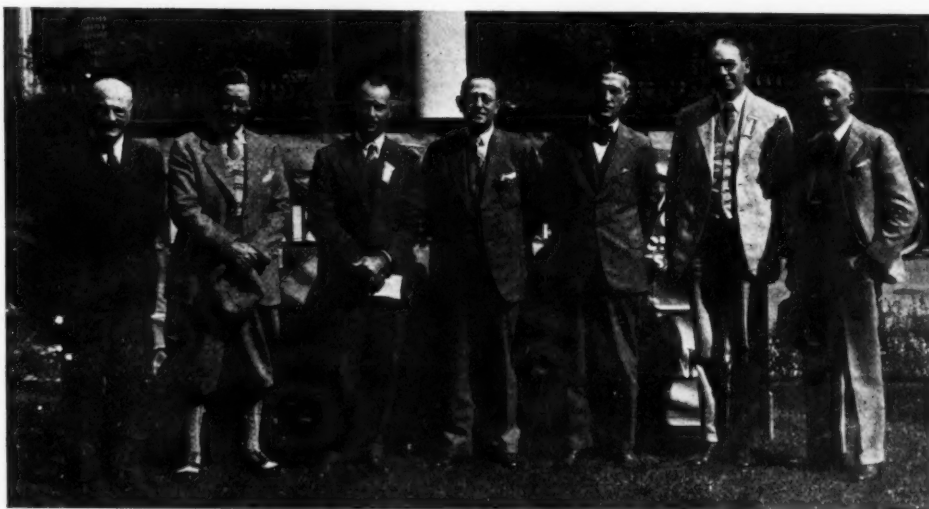
In common with hosts of others, I was first attracted to the Morris Plan by a glimpse of its humanity. More than humane, it reached in and seemed to supply automatically and on a business basis the need of relief in emergencies and sufferings and distress, which even the highly organized charities could not reach. It helped without humiliating, it recognized character as a fundamental of all collateral, and in that it re-emphasized the conclusion of J. Pierpont Morgan and other eminent financiers that the human equation must always be considered as paramount in successful financial operations. This was evidenced in almost his last words, given at a hearing in Washington, which I heard with my own ears. In my contacts with over seven thousand men and women, more or less celebrated, in my newspaper and magazine work, I have found out that there is very little difference between people, but that little difference counts mightily. Having interviewed kings, queens, aces, bobtail and royal flushes, I have reached the conclusion that after all we are "just folks," and I could illustrate this with personal experiences and direct evidence from the lips of people who have been known the wide world over. It has only emphasized the advice given me by my grandfather, who lived to be 104, and passed on in the serenity of a beautiful old age, after a long and well-filled life of usefulness, that honor is the only thing that endures. Fame and riches may pass, other exigencies may effect the standing in "Dun" or "Bradstreets," or

in "Who's Who," but the individual with an untarnished record of honor, is, to my mind, a worthy candidate for the highest distinction that can be paid to any person. All this because it begets confidence, which is the keystone of all business and human relations of every sort.

* * *

Now I am going to begin to give you my personal experience with the Morris Plan. I think I was present at one of the early meetings when Arthur Morris, W. D. McLean Schutz and others were evolving the

and to provide for others whose old age and helplessness tore my heart. I went to the Morris Plan and I did more with \$1,000 of Morris Plan money for the real good of humanity, than I ever did with ten times the amount of my own funds. When I was on the back of that note with two endorsers, I had a real understanding and sympathy with the distressful situation. Since that time, with Morris Plan loans, I have been able to make it possible for more than a score of young men to pursue their work in college with amounts ranging from \$200



Members of the Executive Committee (left to right): Henry H. Kahn, New York; Eugene Lewis, Detroit, Michigan; Robert O. Bonnell, St. Louis, Missouri; J. Rodney Ball, Lawrence, Massachusetts; J. Frederick Green, Kansas City, Missouri; Arthur E. Tucker, Albany, New York; Frank L. Rawson, Portland, Maine

idea. It struck me forcibly as a most needed enterprise. In my life I have felt the distress for a few hundred dollars and have been in the hands of pawnbrokers. I have known a young man with brilliant prospects graduated from college, who in the struggles to get started, got into financial difficulties and snuffed out a bright, promising life because of the worry over a few hundred dollars. I had known a family disrupted, because of unfortunate circumstances while the husband and father was unable to meet emergency obligations in sickness and death. As a newspaper reporter, I had a glimpse of the wretchedness and worriments of poverty, as well as that of riches. Things seemed to be out of balance when magnates could loan their millions on stocks as collateral and the poor devil with a dying wife or children and out of work is denied a paltry loan. Then there was a time when I found myself in need to care for loved ones in a hospital

to \$500 each. This has extended over a period of years, and stands out as the real highspots of my achievements during those years. Every one of these young men but one have paid back the full amount, and I think they have all been later helped by the Morris Plan and are friends of the System that gave them their real start in life.

Yes, I have been stung! It cost me real money and saved money. The Morris Plan boys were most efficient in reducing that loss to the minimum and worked miracles in collecting from an elusive endorser, a relative of the one whom I was trying to help and who apparently betrayed confidence, but who later secured a good position and repaid a large portion of the money. His life was saved, for he was about to commit suicide when I gave him the money to pay the doctor who knew the secret and reason for his despondency.

Now let me tell you the other side of the story. A young artist came on from the

West, who had corresponded with me for years and wanted to make a start in New York. He was an etcher, a prize pupil of Joseph Pennell, but had no money even to buy copper. I made a loan at the Morris Plan, took him with me to Spain, where he made etchings under the supervision of my friend Zuloaga. He illustrated my book, "Vivid Spain," and his work soon commanded attention in the *New York Times*, *Tribune* and other papers, illustrating the articles which I had written. When Lindbergh arrived in America, he made the famous etching "Pioneering the Sky-Lanes," which was published in the *New York Times*, was enlarged and was the prize exhibit of the paper; over \$2,400 worth of etchings were sold at one art store on Fifth Avenue; consequently, Morris Plan figures conspicuously in assisting the young man, Levon West, who is now considered the leading etcher of the country. This was simply a matter of his own genius and the help I was able to give him through the Morris Plan. A young man who was attending a mountain school in Tennessee desired to come on to New York after he was graduated and study law at Columbia University. I went on a Morris Plan note for him and he is now a professor in that institution, but there are circumstances why it is best not to give his name at this time. A young boy from Lewiston, Maine, was singing at the Bangor Musical Festival. I became interested in him and as a trustee of the New England Conservatory was able to help him with his musical education. When his teachers said that he ought to study in Italy, it was the proceeds from a Morris Plan that sent him on his way, and Raoul Dufail has made a successful debut and is listed as one of the most promising young lyric tenors on the operatic stage. When Henry Clay Barnaby, who had charmed millions of people as The Sheriff of Nottingham in "Robin Hood" and on the operatic stage in various other roles, was on his way to the Actors' Home, I met him at the South Station in Boston. He was happy, but when I heard the story I insisted that he could earn some money by writing his memoirs and the funds were provided by a Morris Plan note which produced a most wonderful book, entitled "My Wanderings," and Henry Clay Barnaby passed on still singing, after a serene and beautiful life made possible by the success of his book which appealed as a great Heart Throb to his many admirers.

* * *

There was a young lad trying to work his way through an Ohio college. He appealed to me and through a loan of \$500 that boy completed his education at Antioch College and is a manager of a laboratory doing work that will enable him later on to do for others what was done for him. Modesty forbids me continuing the list, for it might seem as if I were taking the credit of what properly belongs to the Morris Plan. I have had more happiness out of helping others than in all other things in my life. The apparent ingratitude that so often follows is sometimes discouraging. In helping others you must not expect anything in return, or else it becomes a mere

barter. This thought came to me in a most tragic way. I was in an airplane with Mike Brady, who later met his fate in a crash, 9,000 feet in the air, bounding over the clouds. Suddenly, we were shut in by a heavy fog that seemed to engulf us as in a cake of ice. We spiralled up and coasted down, trying to find a ceiling for a forced landing. For three hours we were lost—when Mike turned to me and shouted, "There's fifteen minutes more," pointing to the gas indicator, and starting on the downward plunge, he gave a signal and a look that I understood "The crash is coming." My heart stopped as the engine stopped, and we glided downward, hopelessly lost in infinite space. You think fast in facing death! My thoughts first turned to my mother, wife, little boy, then my life seemed



Theodore Francis Green, retiring President of the Morris Plan Bankers' Association

to pass in a flash, not with remorse over sins committed, but the thought that I had done so little in all my life for others—that is, without the slightest ulterior motive—came to me with a shock. I realized how little I had on deposit in the bank "over yonder," for after all, nothing counts in the summary of life but what you have done for others. This same experience was mentioned to me by Mrs. Harding, wife of the great Friendly President, when she was lying at the point of death. She heard the whispers about her, indicating that the end was near, but her thoughts were as free as in full health.

Few of us ever realize that we have to die sometime, and still fewer ever comprehend what is to become of all their earthly possessions and ambitions when the curtain falls. This brings me to a function of the Morris Plan that I think worth your careful consideration. There are thousands, and even tens of thousands, of people, who do not know just what to do with their money. I sat in the office of a Trust Officer of one of the largest banks in Boston and heard men talk over in despair the problem of disposing of their fortunes. They have the feeling that they do not wish relatives who have been unkind and ungrateful to them to come into possession of any more of their property. They are cynical concerning charitable organizations, and some of them in desperation have given to institutions

with which they have had little in common during life, absolutely forgetting those associated with them in business who have helped them to make their fortunes. Recent instances could be named of men of good business judgment in the making of money who have been absolutely foolish in the making of their wills. When at Skibo Castle with Andrew Carnegie, a great many years ago, I interested him in a project of helping young men with small loans to start in business or in careers; but before the plans were consummated the demands for funds and libraries left the work undone by the man who inaugurated a movement among the wealthy to dispose of their fortunes some way conducive to the welfare of the people with the slogan which might be well considered in these days: "It is a disgrace to die rich beyond the necessities of providing for the families and caring for the obligations due those who have served faithfully and loyally as co-workers and helpers in building up the fortune." The time is coming when executors will try and carry out the wishes of the deceased just as he would have done in life, rather than begin a campaign of persecution and execution towards those who may have been the recipients of generosity and help.

* * *

The Morris Plan bonds should be purchased generously by men who are leaving fortunes behind, to assist in the general work of helping those who need it. Indirectly, it would be doing a work that would inure to the general prosperity and assist in recruiting the talent and inherent genius of the youths who are having a hard time to get started in these days. Better than this, I have thought that men who leave behind no kith or kin, could leave large sums for trustees appointed by the Morris Plan, to loan out where the ability and character of the young man or woman is clearly evidenced. Not only this, but the worn and aged should not be forgotten, nor the thousands who have worked long years faithfully and arduously, and done much for the world, but have never been able to collect that which in real equity the world owes them, through the rather piratical processes that characterize some modern business methods. How often do we hear of the inventor dying in poverty, while the mediocre but self-minded manipulator reaps the harvest, under legalized methods, prostituted to selfish purposes.

The records of the Morris Plan branches containing the story of various loans is a human document of intense interest. Evidences multiply in the every day routine of thousands of cases of helpfulness. This is the human side of Morris Plan Banking, and to me it counts more than imposing tables of assets and liabilities. When I went over just a few of the instances reported, telling of what it meant to the mother of the sick boy, the husband facing the expenses of three operations and three births and three deaths in one family—the young man who had become involved and was on his way to a life of crime, the funds sent to destitute parents in foreign lands, the mother or other loved one that has been brought to America to spend her last days

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Memorial Bridge Spanning the Missouri

The historic Lewis and Clark Expedition commemorated by a bridge crossing the Missouri where the courageous explorers forded muddy waters—Another link added to the Empire building program of the Great Northern Railway

EVER since James J. Hill, the Empire Builder, laid the first mile of railroad track toward the realization of his dream of a transcontinental railroad, there has always been something doing on the Great Northern System. One cannot think of the great North West without the Great Northern Railroad in these later days. Every historic site and scene on territory of this railroad that has associations reaching back to the pioneer days are being preserved with the same tenacity with which New England has held fast to all the memories associated with Colonial and Revolutionary times.

The one event that is basic in the annals of development in the Pacific Northwest is the Lewis and Clark expedition. This was the first governmental recognition of that expansive area called by Daniel Webster "the great desert." The truth became known in the year of that expedition when by wagon, canoe, bull boat and perioque, they traversed the plains following up the

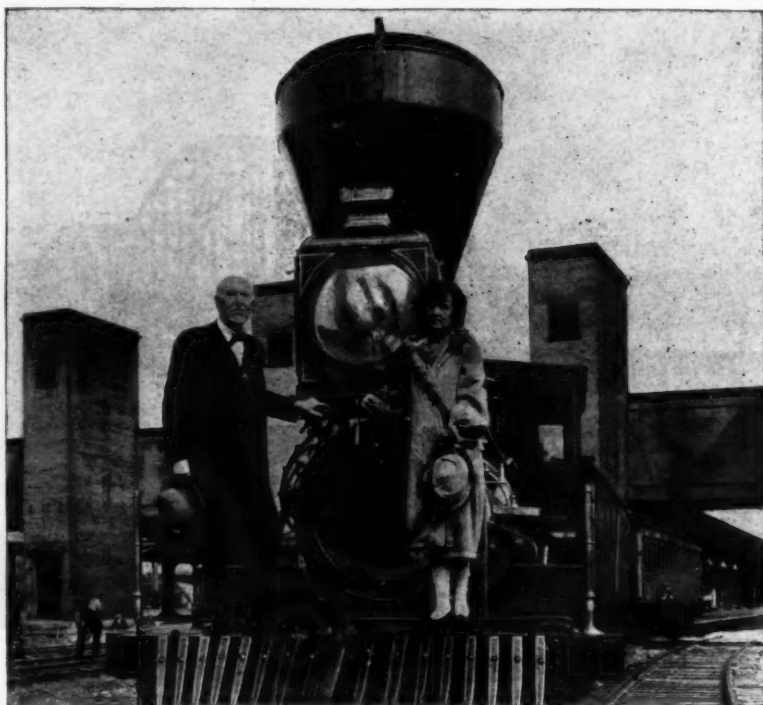
agricultural grain growing and stock raising area that exists in the world.

The expedition was conducted by Meriwether Lewis who was private secretary to President Jefferson. It was a direct result of Thomas Jefferson's keen scientific interest in determining the extent and character of the country west of the Mississippi. It will be remembered that the Louisiana Purchase which added the great West to the United States was the result of a purchase made of Napoleon Bonaparte by Thomas Jefferson. He secured an appropriation from Congress for the exploration, which was one of his first acts upon becoming Chief Executive. The result of this expedition provided a part of the basis of the United States in its claim of the Oregon territory in later years. With Meriwether Lewis was associated Capt. William Clark, which accounts for the partnership name by which the event is known. They set out in May, 1804 and reached the mouth of the Columbia River in November, 1805. The

For all these years there has been one bridge that was lacking. This was at the place where the expedition forded the rushing muddy waters of the Missouri, located



Miss Sarah Travers Anderson, great, great, great grandniece of Captain Meriwether Lewis, the famous transcontinental explorer, about to christen the new Lewis and Clark bridge at Williston



Miss Zona Gale, famous authoress and W. J. McMillan, president of the Great Northern Veterans' Association

unknown rivers into unknown lands and blazed the path for the fur trader, the miner, the railroads and finally the settlers who are now farming part of the greatest

year and six months of hardships they endured in this journey to an unknown land has few parallels in the history of exploration, in this or any other continent.

about seven miles west of Williston, North Dakota. The building of this bridge opened a large area of territory to perfected railway transportation facilities. The completion of this bridge was the occasion of a two days' celebration, which was attended by notables from all parts of the country. Among them was Governor Sorlie of North Dakota and Mrs. Marmon, the oldest settler of this region. The bridge was christened by Miss Sarah Travers Anderson, the great-great-grand niece of Capt. Meriwether Lewis, transcontinental explorer of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Appropriately, she used a bottle of real Missouri River water. Mr. Ralph Budd, President of the Great Northern Railway, joined in the celebration and had brought from St. Paul, the "William Crooks," the first locomotive ever used on the Great Northern System, under its own steam, that it might cross this bridge, the lack of which had caused many sighs among the pioneers of early days.

During the evening a historical pageant

was given in which five hundred of the local people participated. It depicted the history of the Upper Missouri country from the earliest days down to the present time, divided into seven episodes. These include

D. and Fairview County in Montana. It is a wagon and foot bridge as well as a railroad structure that has evoked wide-spread interest in engineering circles.

Another memorable meeting recorded in

the chronicles of Great Northern history during 1927, when they were carrying thousands of tourists to Glacier Park and the Pacific Coast, to say nothing of the large number traveling through to the Orient, was the appearance of Zona Gale, the famous authoress at a meeting of the Veterans' Association of the Great Northern. The "William Crooks" was a part of this celebration, and Zona Gale appeared on the cow-catcher of the engine with W. J. McMillan, the veteran president of the organization. There was a beaming radiance in the face of the celebrated authoress, for was not her father himself a locomotive engineer, many times at the throttle of the little "One Spot." This was the tiny engine that was brought from St. Paul especially to be inspected by the now celebrated daughter of one of the pioneer railroad men of the Northwest, whose activities were an important factor in the early days. Many times while out on his run, the little daughter of his later years was scribbling stories on the wrapping paper to recite to her father after he had taken his final dip for a real visit with his family. Many mornings this little daughter filled the father's dinner pail when he left to take his run and pull the throttle of the then impressive "One Spot," whose bulging smoke stack and pre-tentious headlight was the admiration of railroad men.

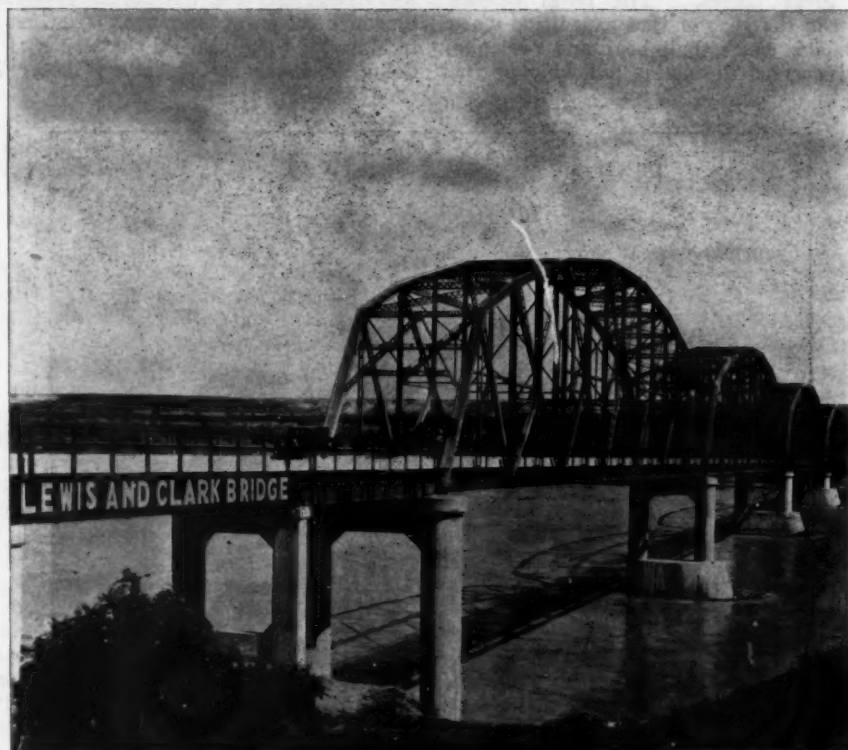


Governor A. G. Sorlie of North Dakota greeting Mrs. Mercer, oldest settler of Williams County. Mr. Marmon, oldest settler of McKenzie County, is standing behind them

an address of welcome by "Miss Williston," followed by an allegorical revelation of the dawn of creation. The next episode was a scene showing the country under the rule of Indian tribes, followed by historic pictures in pantomime of Lewis and Clark expedition and the coming of the first settlers. Stirring scenes were enacted of later frontier days and the pageant closed with a large number of people attired in the costume of various nations showing the representation of peoples from all parts of the world as pioneers of the upper Missouri.

There were thousands of people from all parts of the Northwestern part of North Dakota and Eastern Montana, who seemed to have a community of interest that gave credence to the suggestion some years ago, when this particular setting aspired to the dignity of statehood unto itself.

The presence of Doctor Meriwether Lewis Anderson, the only living kin of Mr. Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, insisted that the occasion was well-worth the journey to do honor to his illustrious ancestor. The bronze tablet indicates the name that will greet not only the railroad trains as they dash by, but the ceaseless caravan of motors, which travel to the Northwest from the East for vacation days. The bridge cost upwards of three quarters of a million dollars and unites McKenzie, N.



Lewis and Clark Bridge across the Missouri River recently dedicated



Captains of Industry

S. B. GOULD

"God gives all things to industry"

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



"I AM very deeply distressed," declared the great man, cautiously pounding the glazed top of his desk.

"Why is it that no one—where's Budge?" he added, reaching for a battery of buzzers and, with the dexterity of practice, ringing all five of them at the same time.

"Jees," muttered the telephone girl, "there goes another balloon."

Budge, the office manager, leaping from his diminutive desk, now covered with a fine glass slab—the relic of one smashed during a previous balloon ascension—hurled himself into the presence. Eight or ten other executives panted in after him.

His face purple with emotion, tears in his eyes, Cyrus J. Hooey, of the Hooey Manufacturing Company of America, told his wincing subordinates that he considered himself deserted, that no one understood him, that he had to bear the whole burden of the business alone, that he could not stand it, that his mail was wrongly sorted and that his pencils weren't sharp.

That appearing to be all that was troubling the limpid waters of the great industrialist's mind at the moment, his office

gradually emptied, a stenographer brought him a freshly sharpened pencil, the offending letter was moved from one pile to another by the eager Budge and the trembling executives returned to their interrupted work.

The day was hot. The telephone girl, chewing slowly, moved a wad of gum from one cheek to the other. A moment later she was startled by a yell of rage that shattered the telephones throughout the office and jarred the glass partitions. Her mind on higher things, she had permitted herself to make an appalling mistake. Instead of saying that Mr. Hooey "was not at his desk," she had told a customer that he "was out of the office," or, even worse, that he "was not in just now." Each of these phrases had some mystical significance in the mind of Mr. Hooey and it was part of the telephone girl's job to differentiate between their subtle shades of meaning.

A like mental precision was required of Mr. Hooey's secretary, a harrassed individual with an uncomfortable tendency to regurgitation in moments of spiritual stress, of which, in his present employment, he had not a few. His duty it was to open

and classify the great man's mail. Every morning it had to be sorted into the following divisions: "For Your Immediate Attention," "Important, For Your Attention," "Mail Requiring Immediate Action," "Urgent—For Your Notation," "To Be Noted—Important." That all of these meant very much the same thing was not apparent to Mr. Hooey. His secretary, struggling with these nice distinctions could only sweat and pray for luck. He did both, freely.

Some time during the morning Mr. Hooey would come into the office, look carefully at a few letters, hoping to find at least one incorrectly classified, scramble them all together and go out to lunch. This he had now decided to do, forgetting about two appointments and a luncheon engagement.

Mr. Hooey's secretary knew better than to call these facts to the industrialist's attention. That would be only to invite another outburst of titanic fury. So sadly he reached for his telephone and explained to one that Mr. Hooey had been detained uptown by a death in the family, to the second that he was in Chicago, and to the third that an abscessed tooth would make even the thought of luncheon painful to Mr. Hooey. A resourceful imagination was one of the first things Mr. Hooey looked for in a secretary.

Three hours later Mr. Hooey returned. He was feeling a good deal better, although he had, as usual, overeaten prodigiously. Mopping his forehead and the back of his neck, he decided to have a conference. Deftly ringing all the buzzers at once, he smiled his satisfaction.

To his employees, assembled, he intoned in his deep, throaty voice, "Gentlemen, we are passing from an age of handmade products, of things made, one at a time, by the unskilled hands of the humble artisan, to an age of large production, to an age in which everything is made in thousands and hundreds of thousands by the uncanny skill of swift moving and glittering machinery.

"Gentlemen, I have decided that there is one improvement that can be made in the methods of the Hooey Manufacturing Company. Every day I see in the factory, a man. Toilsomely, all day long, he screws together widgets. I want to eliminate that man. I want to replace him by a machine. Gentlemen, *I will do it*. Widgets can be screwed by machine."

At this an earthy-minded statistician, one of Mr. Hooey's minor executives, meekly pointed out that a widget-screwing machine would cost \$5,000 to install, that its capacity for widget-screwing was so great

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Wealth and Workers Welcomed in Florida

Peter O. Knight of Florida and his ceaseless crusade to build up business by giving capital and labor a welcome in a realization that prosperity is not the work of one but the result of the twain pulling together with a common purpose

IN Florida it is commonly agreed that Peter O. Knight is the man responsible for one idea that has brought capital and development flowing into Florida. A Floridian since 1884, he has been a resident of Tampa since 1889, when he became a member of the Florida legislature. He has attended, as an actively interested "outsider," every legislative session of the state since that time. A conservative who has witnessed the triumph of his ideas with regard to public affairs, he still remains a conservative, and declares that his life work, as he sees it, is to keep Florida conservative. His early dream of having a constitutional prohibition against the imposition of income, inheritance, franchise or corporation taxes, or of any tax whatsoever on intangibles has been realized. The fact that Florida is a state without income or inheritance taxes is one of the factors that has caused wealth to flow into its limits. Peter O. Knight doesn't believe in a multiplicity of laws such as Congress and the states have been passing, seemingly without any other purpose than to make the unnatural natural, and a fool the equal of a wise man. He has no faith in any system whereby the survival of the fittest is interfered with and man-made laws substituted for those of the Creator. That these conditions do not obtain in Florida today is a fact that results largely from the life work of Peter O. Knight.

A crusader without pay, in season and out of season for a quarter of a century, he has demonstrated his love for his adopted state, his intense interest in public affairs, and his whole-hearted belief in the Constitution of the United States. He believed that the state would profit by his ideas and his belief has since been confirmed. Today nearly every state is represented in Florida—an indication that his forecast of the situation was correct and that his attempt to serve the interests of all classes by preventing the passage of laws to butcher capital and penalize the business man have not been without their results.

Peter O. Knight was born in Freeburg, Pennsylvania, and comes of sturdy old Dutch stock. Gifted with plenty of energy and native ability, he took his degree at Valparaiso University, Indiana, where he proved an efficient student. In 1884, with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in his grasp, came the spirit of adventure. Still a boy, he determined to go to the South and made his way on a slow-going freighter from New Orleans to Florida. Landing at Fort Myers in 1884, when Florida was a veritable wilderness and jungle, he determined to begin the practice of the law. The old fort was a wild place—the rendezvous for the bad men of the Caribbean, but young Knight held his own even with the notorious "Bill Slaughter," who packed a pistol—and used it "frequent." Proudly carrying his sheepskin indicating that he could practice in the

Supreme Court of Indiana, Peter went through those early days in Fort Myers like a colonial pioneer and, in return for his services to the community, was elected mayor of the town and later sent on to the legislature. In Tallahassee he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the lower house. Judge Hall became very fond of the energetic young attorney and invited him to become the judge's partner in the practice of the law at Tampa in 1889. Here from the start he was frankly a corporation man. He foresaw that business development could only



Peter O. Knight, a booster for Florida

come through co-operative methods in commerce and industry. He became president, vice-president or director of nearly every large enterprise developed in Tampa. It was his alert, active brain that conceived the plan of transplanting the cigar trade from Cuba to Tampa and, as a result, his home town now has the largest payroll for cigar manufacture in the world; in fact, more cigars are today made in Tampa than in Cuba. His work was by no means confined to local enterprise. All over the state the organizing genius of Peter Knight was at work. During the war he was called upon by the General Council of the America International Shipbuilding Company and helped to straighten out the complications of the Hog Island project which is generally considered the most stupendous enterprise in the history of the country. Peter Knight is everywhere recognized as a man of big ideas.

At his handsome home I was shown a rear lot of one hundred square feet that—when Warren G. Harding was inaugurated President—was a bar-

ren waste. Now it is covered with palms twenty-five feet high, and a foot in diameter, as well as a profusion of vines—a rich tropical setting such as would not be possible elsewhere in less than twenty years.

Picking a fig from his own fig trees, he facetiously commented:

"Our great handicap is that things grow too easily. If the same amount of work and energy were put into an acre of land in Florida as is expended upon the same amount of land in the North, it would yield five times the amount of produce."

After lunch, during which Spanish bread—the same that Theodore Roosevelt had sent to him during his stay in the White House—was served, we settled back for a further discussion of Florida—and things Floridian.

"Florida is the result of conservatism," Mr. Knight asserted. "It has gone through a succession of booms, each time moving forward and making money for those who could hang on during the reaction. Always its true progress has been slow, but sure. There are fifteen million people who can afford to spend their winters in Florida, and even if but a small percentage of these continue to come, Florida is assured a great tide of visitors—and from these visitors is recruited the citizenship of Florida. Even those who come to scoff oftentimes remain as resident. It is difficult to find a man or woman who has ever come to Florida who has not eventually purchased a parcel of real estate. The faith of the people is in the soil and the climate, and a combination of good soil and pleasant climate is the thing that more than all else has spurred men on in their quest for new lands to develop. Florida is a shining example of the spirit of the new South that has risen despite its early drawbacks—the lack of roads and proper transportation."

From his own city of Tampa we later looked upon a sunset in Tampa Bay—a picture never to be forgotten. The skyline was a brilliant red, then it softened as the great shuttle of night was closing in, and, mellowing with each passing minute, became a rich and livid red as it dipped below the palm-rimmed horizon. Peter Oliphant Knight has surely earned distinction in the knighthood of achievement.

"Why Florida?" the oft-repeated question of the cynic finds its answer in the careers of such men as Peter Knight, who never wavering, has lived to see a picture of development far beyond his wildest expectations. While he felt it might come some time, the pace at which Florida is now developing is astonishing even to him. In the meanwhile, development goes on and Florida continues to be the greatest of all laboratories for the working out of tried and tested plans for giving to the average human being the greatest possible comfort and luxury in the fullest enjoyment of life.

A Successful Woman Book Publisher

Adelaide Ambrose, a vaudeville artist became a successful book publisher of novels, because the Kansas girl discovered her real talents in the blaze and whirl of Broadway activities

THE title of "Adelaide Ambrose, Inc.," veils an interesting story of a small-town girl who dreamed of doing big things in a big city, and it marks the end of the rainbow with the pot of gold—the same rainbow other pretty girls have trailed to no avail, and which others will follow in days to come.

As Adelaide Ambrose, Inc., Miss Ambrose has the honor of being the only woman in America publishing novels under her own name. She made her debut in the book industry last spring when she released the theatrical novel entitled "Kinks," which, like all her other business ventures, vindicated her judgment and woman's intuition. It went into the second printing within thirty days and still is a big seller, and this despite the fact that some so-called wise men in the book trade said it was too clean to appeal to the average fiction reader.

Six months ago nobody had ever heard of Adelaide Ambrose, Inc., but today everybody in the book business knows about Miss Ambrose and her activities, as well as millions of persons who have read about her in the newspapers. Miss Ambrose has her editorial and executive offices at 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, to which she rides every morning at ten in her own limousine behind her chauffeur. When Miss Ambrose first came to New York, about ten years ago, she considered a bus ride a luxury. So you can readily understand that times have changed for this beautiful blond lady, but only because she toiled long and hard and exercised the brains with which she had been blessed.

About ten years ago Miss Ambrose left her humble home in Newton, Kansas, and promised her mother and father that she would return some day with enough wealth to purchase a nice house for them where they could spend the declining years of their lives in peace and quiet, surrounded by ease, luxury and flowers. To humor and encourage Adelaide, they pretended to believe her capable of performing miracles, but in their hearts they doubted her ability to wrest any real money from the theatrical business—especially in the cold town of New York. So many other girls before her had tried and failed. To the parents the task appeared to be impossible for their pretty girl to perform.

And when Adelaide left town that day all she got from the press of Newton was a line or two. When she goes home or departs from the town now, however, papers in various parts of the country are generous with space for stories about her and her photographs. Now she is a prominent citizen of Newton, Kansas, which she helped

to put on the map, and owns several business blocks in Newton, as well as apartment houses in New York City.

Adelaide Ambrose left Newton, Kansas, bent on becoming a famous actress, and adopted the stage name of Ambrose in preference to her own, Puckett. In all probability, thousands of other girls in different



Adelaide Ambrose, actress and author

sections of the country were leaving home at the same time with the hope of winning fame and fortune in some chosen field, but it is quite safe to say that more than 95% of them never got anywhere. The law of averages in the world of success will bear this out. When Miss Ambrose was asked how she came to invade the book publishing business, after having started out to be an actress, she replied:

"I went into vaudeville and later into stock, but I soon discovered that only a few in the business ever made any big money, forcing me to realize that I would waste my time and chances of success in other lines if I were to stick to the show business. Practically every manager I met told me I possessed unusual talent, but that did not mean anything when it could not bring a high market price. The theatrical world is a wonderful place for some, but the opportunities in it when I was trying did not come fast enough. To many, however, the stage is merely a snare and a delusion, especially to persons prompted by vanity

to adopt it as a means of a livelihood. Whether one succeeds or fails on the stage depends upon how he or she takes the work and the worries.

"Every normal person wants to be a success today, either for his own sake or for the sake of those he loves. The greatest thrill I get from success in life is from the thought that I can take care of my mother and father now that they are getting on in years. And when I think of them I realize the power of money and the material happiness it can give. The secret of success in any line has not been a secret for years. Everybody seems to know about it, but only a few capitalize on the knowledge. The secret of success in any line is to find out what you are best fitted for and then give it the best you have. If you do that, use common sense and not be impatient when the breaks of life seem a bit too slow, I can't see why any intelligent person should be a failure, regardless of what business he happens to be in.

"There is no reason why every intelligent girl should not make a success of something—if only a monetary success. The trouble with the average girl is that she thinks that because she is a girl her field of activities is limited, and that if she tries to compete with men, the latter won't take her seriously. But I believe—and my own experience bears this out—that brains and money have a market value, approximately the same in both sexes. Practically everything depends upon what one does with his money and brains. Some dissipate one, some the other, and some both. One girl can get more out of a needle and thread and a five-dollar bill than another can derive from a hundred dollars and no ability to help herself.

"The ambitious man always is hunting for something new, or a new way to utilize old ideas to better advantage. But most prefer to stick to tested recipes for success and permit others to take the risks. Of course, marriage has a great deal to do with coloring a girl's outlook on life. It is the inevitable for many girls, hence they are not considered possible important factors in big organizations.

"When I decided to become a book publisher and told some of my friends about my plans they thought I was a bit wild. They said the book business had belonged to men for centuries and was no place for a woman. And when some of the book oracles read 'Kinks' they told me it was too clean to appeal to fiction readers. I said that I still believed that there are millions of clean-minded persons in this country and pointed out that the magazines with the

one and two million copy circulation printed nothing but clean fiction. Well, 'Kinks' has done a great deal better than nine-tenths of the novels published at the same time and went into the third printing quicker than I had anticipated. So you see if I had been afraid to pioneer in a new field I never would have accomplished what I did.

"Hundreds of persons have asked me what prompted me to become a book publisher and how I came to select 'Kinks' as my first novel. To most people it is sort of mystery that I should enter a field in which I had had no previous experience. I might say that as I had not acquired experience in any other fields except the theatre, real estate and Wall Street, the book line appeared to be just as easy to master as any other line, and it is more fascinating than any other I know.

"I always have loved to read clean and wholesome books, and always have admired the men and women capable of writing them. I should love to be able to write, but being unable to do so, I feel almost as happy in being able to publish the writings of others. I selected 'Kinks' as my first publication for several reasons: First, because it is an unusually entertaining story generously sprinkled with clean humor; secondly, after having read the manuscript, I realized the story possessed an inspirational nature and would leave something of value with every ambitious person who read it. The book deals with a young woman born to poverty who aims to win fame and fortune for herself, and the fact that other girls have failed before her does not discourage her in the least. Although I did not write a line of the novel, as some people think I did, 'Kinks' breathes my personal philosophy for success in life.

"Many friends and acquaintances have asked me why I published 'Kinks' anonymously. Well, I personally believe that if one has a talent or an article of merit and places it before the public properly it will meet with success, regardless of the reputation of the owner or maker. So I reasoned that if I were to publish a novel with a famous author's name on it and the book were a success, I should not be able to tell which did more for the book, its own value

or the reputation of the author. But by publishing it anonymously I never would be in doubt about the matter. The author has seen his name in print hundreds of times in magazines, newspapers and on books and possesses a sense of humor, hence he did not object when I suggested publishing the novel anonymously. Furthermore, he figures that if the book is there for the reading public it will sell with or without a name. And he knows that he can place his name on the book later should he so desire. He also was somewhat interested in learning what a book like 'Kinks' could accomplish without an author's name."

When Miss Ambrose, who was born in ordinary circumstances, was asked just when the gods of fortune began to smile upon her and how she took advantage of their generosity, she replied:

"When I was playing in stock in the West I discovered that vaudeville offered more money and cast my lot with it and migrated to New York. Having learned to appreciate the power of a surplus dollar, I didn't try to compete in a social way with friends and acquaintances who had many times more than I did. I saved wherever I could and when I had several thousands in the bank I risked it in stocks on the advice of a friend of the family and trebled my original capital. Like most persons under similar circumstances, I was eager to send the money right back into other stocks, but I curbed my eagerness and held back until I saw an opportunity in my home town to put it into real estate. When I began to receive an income from my property I started to send part of it to the stock market, but not on any wildcat schemes. From then on I increased my stock and real estate holdings until I had passed the stage where the loss of a few dollars would upset my working plans. My father, being in Newton all the time, was a big help to me, as he acted as my agent and special representative.

"Good looks and good clothes, I have found, are valuable assets to a girl in business, but brains carry a greater value. Every ambitious man is looking to make money, and if he can make it through dealing with a woman he looks upon her the same as he would a man—just another

worth-while business associate. A woman, however, should not expect a man to give her the edge on anything just because she is a woman and possesses an attractive appearance and personality.

"Women are receiving today more recognition as business factors than ever before. Personally, I think the most responsible position from a financial point of view is the spending of some one else's money. One person has to think a great deal about another's intelligence, honesty and business ability to entrust to him the investing of all or part of his working capital. Yet thousands and thousands of women throughout the country are handling money belonging to men and corporations controlled by men, and if the men did not think women were just as capable as other men in this respect you can rest assured they would not risk placing money at woman's disposal.

"I have seen a great deal of women power since I became a publisher of books. Numerous book departments in big stores, representing fortunes in stock, are operated solely by women. Thousands of women do the purchasing for book stores in other parts of the country and make a success of their calling. Success in life for men or women is not a matter of luck, as many think, but simply a case of one's being ready and fit to take advantage of the right opportunity when it comes along."

Adelaide Ambrose, whose sister Eleanora married Maurice Mouvert, famous dancer, never forgets her parents in Newton and sends fat checks to them monthly. The beautiful home she purchased for them in Newton is one of the show places of the town. And it was Adelaide who brought her sister to New York and had her trained by the best dancing instructors until Eleanora was capable of stepping out and earning a large salary as Maurice's partner.

At least once every year—and usually twice—Adelaide Ambrose returns to Newton and forgets everything except her mother and father and their happiness. They have everything they want, and all because they brought into the world a beautiful daughter who did not forget them when fortune smiled on her, as so many other daughters do.

Captains of Industry

Continued from page 67

that it would only be required to operate for a few minutes a day, that it would need two men and a boy in constant attendance, that the interest on \$5,000 was—that upkeep, operating expenses, repairs, depreciation—"

"Do you mean to contradict me?" said Mr. Hooley sweetly.

Realizing the force of Mr. Hooley's argument the statistician desisted. Forthwith it was decided, unanimously, to install the machine. An eager executive remarked that the Hooley Manufacturing Company stood for enterprise and—

"The Hooley Manufacturing Company," Mr. Hooley cut in, "leads the van of progress. It carries the torch that points the way to others who have gone before and

failed. The Hooley Manufacturing Company speeds up the iron hands of industry. Mighty as the tides, it sweeps ever forward to further and yet further victories."

None of his employees being capable of such a magnificent flight of oratory, the matter was there allowed to rest. With a lordly gesture of his great right hand, Mr. Hooley signified that the conference was at an end.

A few minutes later he decided to go home. Exhausted by his mighty labors, he felt disinclined for further work. Doing so, he broke another half dozen appointments and left unanswered the five neat piles of mail which differed so subtly in degrees of urgency and importance. This

did not matter much, his secretary reflected. It was already weeks old.

As the door closed and the measured steps of the receding Mr. Hooley grew distant, the office, for the first time that day, settled down to work.

Early the next morning, not so very long after eleven o'clock, Mr. Hooley stealthily slid in by his private door. Immediately buzzers throughout the office began to ring. Again the staff surged into the great industrialist's room. Before its soundproof door automatically swung to, the noise of distant and rhythmical pounding could be heard and the words, coming faintly down the stilled corridors, "Gentlemen, I am very, very deeply distressed—Why—"

Another balloon was going up.

Wilbur D. Nesbit, "A Poet Ne'er Forgot"

The passing of Wilbur D. Nesbit, author of "Your Flag and My Flag"—Radiance of his lovable personality will shine on as his inspiring verse is read and recited by generations to come—Ever a favorite author of American school children

WILBUR D. NESBIT is dead. Death came suddenly and blotted out his blithe spirit on the afternoon of Saturday, August 20th. A stroke of heart disease felled him to the sidewalk on Madison Street, less than a block from the Athletic Club Building; a half hour later the end came at Iroquois Hospital, in the city of Chicago, which he loved and honored.

It is no easy task to say goodbye to Nesbit—he was either that or "Dick." To a stranger he might be "Mr." Nesbit—but only for a little while. As author, poet, speaker, business man, fellow club member and friend, Nesbit will be missed. The Cherry Circle will miss him as Editor, his business associates will find a void difficult to fill, his friends a gap that will be hard to close, and the world in which he walked and talked and worked and played will be poorer for his passing on. Nesbit "played ball" no matter what the game or effort in which he was engaged. He gave freely and generously of all he had. It is a tragedy that this joyous soul should be stricken down so long before the Psalmist's measurement of the allotted span of life.

Nesbit himself charted the course that he wished his friends to follow when his ship should reach its port. He did it in the following poem:

When I am laid below the hill
I pray you, friend, that you shall not
Increase my virtues, if you will,
Nor let my faults be all forgot;
But think of me as with you yet,
The good and bad there is of me—
For truly I shall not forget
In whatsoever place I be.

Nor tears, nor sighs, that I am dead;
But rather that you sing and smile
And tell some favored jest, instead,
As though I heard you all the while—
For I shall hear you, and shall see,
And know if you be blithe or sad,
For I shall keep and hold with me
The golden moments we have had.

But you will miss me? Aye, forsooth,
The very thing I'd have you do,
For in that stranger land, in truth,
I also shall be missing you.
Yet life is such a goodly thing,
Blend of the bitter and the sweet,
That I would rather we should cling
To all the gladness we may meet.

When I am laid below the hill,
Go back as though I walked with you,
And sing our brave old ballads still,
And laugh as we are wont to do.

Written for the "Cherry Circle" by JAMES
KEELEY, the man who brought Nesbit
to Chicago

Across the little gap that bars
I shall take this fair memory—
And you on this side of the stars
Will then still be the friend of me.

The record of Wilbur D. Nesbit's life is one of achievement. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, September 16, 1871, the son of John Harvey and Isobel Nesbit. He attended the

ing that he first tried his hand at verse, the original poem being a parody of Riley's "South Wind and the Sun." This made a hit and he was asked to write a rhyming "ad" for a special sale of men's trousers. Nesbit was a great friend of James Whitcomb Riley and knew his poems by heart. Something in the swing of Riley's poem, "Old Sweetheart of Mine," appealed to him and he produced a parody entitled "Those First Long Pants of Mine." An instantaneous success was scored and Nesbit



Wilbur D. Nesbit in his office on his 48th birthday. The flowers were presented to him with a card "To the best loved man in the Wm. H. Rankin Co." of which he was First Vice-President for eighteen years

public schools in Cedarville, Ohio, and it was in that city he got his first whiff of printer's ink, becoming a "devil" in a print shop there. His initial adventure in journalism was made in 1890 when he became a reporter on the *Herald of Anderson, Indiana*. The first step up the ladder was his appointment as City Editor of the *Muncie (Indiana) News*. His facility of utterance attracted the attention of the owner of the When Clothing Store in Indianapolis, Indiana. The owner, incidentally, happened to be John T. Brush, and it was from the profits of the When Store that Mr. Brush accumulated the money that enabled him to purchase the New York Giants Baseball Club in the National League. Mr. Brush lured Nesbit away from newspaper work to become advertising manager for his concern. Curiously enough, it was while engaged in the task of eulogizing men's cloth-

found his lyrical feet, so to speak. Every "ad" thereafter contained a jingle of some sort.

Nesbit's work as a newspaper man had attracted the attention of the Indianapolis clothier and his work as an advertising man attracted the attention of the Editor of the *Indianapolis (Indiana) Journal*. While hanging his hat in that office he did reportorial work and also served as assistant dramatic critic, assistant book reviewer and feature writer.

A call from the Baltimore American came to him in 1899, and there Nesbit did his first work as a column conductor, under the title of "Notes and Notions." Later this developed into a department headed "Josh Wink." Four years later the excellence of his output again attracted the attention of an editor in another city and he came to Chicago where he ran a column on

the editorial page of the *Chicago Tribune* next to that produced by Bert Leston Taylor, the celebrated "A Line o' Type or Two." He also did a Sunday page for the *Tribune*. A few years later he went to the *Chicago Evening Post* and created on the editorial page the "Innocent Bystander" column. About this time Mr. Nesbit branched into syndicate work and his "Sermons in Song" were printed in many daily and weekly papers. He has published several books, among them "The Gentleman Ragman," "The Trail to Boyland," "The Land of Make-Believe," "A Friend or Two," "An Old, Old Wish," "My Company of Friends," and "The Paths of Long Ago." For some years he was a constant contributor to magazines and periodicals. He wrote the book of "The Girl of My Dreams," a musical comedy, which was played for years with great success by John Hyams and Leila McIntyre. This was the pioneer musical comedy in the elimination of suggestive lines, songs and situations and may soon be seen in moving pictures.

Nesbit's latest volume, "After Dinner Speeches and How to Make Them," was still in the hands of the printers when death stopped his literary labors. It will be published some time this Fall.

It was in 1908 that Nesbit entered the advertising field, establishing himself with the Mahin Advertising Agency. Seven years later Messrs. Rankin, Nesbit and Groth bought out Mr. Mahin, and from that date it was known as the W. H. Rankin Advertising Agency. When the new firm was formed Nesbit was made Vice-President and occupied that position up to the date of his death.

The poetical work of Nesbit had a peculiar value and appeal. It probably will not be extensively quoted in anthologies, but he achieved, as George Ade so well puts it in a preface to one of Nesbit's books, the scrap books of the nation. Perhaps he was not a great poet as poets are graded by the literati, but what he wrote carried a message to the heart and a thought to the imagination. He was neither soul-stirring nor soul-searching (nor did he pretend to be) but was rather soul-satisfying. He had the art of writing for the multitude of home folks. There were moments when he climbed the heights such as when he penned "Your Flag and My Flag," and moments also when he plumbed the depths of human sentiment with "A Friend or Two." His fecundity was amazing, and in the 35 years in which he wrote professionally, and as a side line when engaged in other activi-

ties, his output was astonishing, not only in volume, but in the evenness of quality. Curiously enough he struck his high average early in his career in the versification he did in the Baltimore American.

Nesbit's suave wit was at its climax when he functioned as a toastmaster, at which job he was an artist. He made his debut as an after-dinner speaker and presiding genius at the old Chicago Press Club. He was in great demand as a presiding officer on festive occasions, not only in Chicago, but all over the country, requests being so numerous that in late years he was compelled to restrict his speaking engagements. Thousands of diners have marvelled at the grace and skill with which he handled the gavel, and controlled the humans. Nesbit worked at this job too, and put his heart into every occasion of the kind. His little speeches introducing speakers, whether they were prose or verse, were always pat, humorous and kindly. His infectious smile on occasions of this kind was a great help in "putting over" what he had to say. When Nesbit smiled you simply had to grin. He had the faculty of pouring himself into any kind of a mold to fit any occasion. With Nesbit as a presiding officer the success of any banquet was assured before the diners entered the room.

While Nesbit gave himself freely and fully and whole heartedly on all occasions, it was, however, at the Forty Club that his star shone most brightly. He presided at over one hundred and seventy of these meetings, and when it is taken into consideration that the Forty Club consists of hardy campaigners in the field of wit, humor and entertainment, it will be realized that Nesbit had no small job in holding the reins. The evidence of his supreme success is that he held the office of President for twenty out of the last twenty-one years. The Forty Club will miss Nesbit.

Nesbit's acquaintance, or rather call it friendship, with the distinguished men and women of the country in the last thirty-five years was all embracing. His scrap books contain letters, toasts, bits of verse, appreciations, notes of thanks, expressions of comradeship and good will, from nearly every man and woman who has made his or her mark in literature since 1890. Scrap book after scrap book is filled with these intensely interesting documents. They are of great value as synonyms of friendship, and the collection would be prized by collectors. Probably there is no similar collection anywhere else in America.

In addition to membership in the

Chicago Athletic Association, to which he was elected on July 13, 1906, Nesbit was a member of the following clubs and societies: The Little Room Club of Chicago, The Forty Club of Chicago, The Indiana Society, The Cliff Dwellers of Chicago, The Arts Club of Chicago, The White Paper Club of Chicago, The University Club of Evanston, and the Columbia Club of Indianapolis. He was elected President of the Forty Club in 1906, succeeding the Hon. John Barton Payne, and was President until the time of his death, with the exception of one year when Frank Morris held that office. He was twice President of the Indiana Society.

He had long shown much interest in the Masonic fraternity, being a member of Evans Lodge No. 524, A. F. & A. M., Evanston, Illinois, of the Chicago Scottish Rite Bodies and of Medinah Temple of the Mystic Shrine. His poem, "I Sat in Lodge With You," has had wide circulation among Masons and others of his writings won much attention. Among his really fine pieces of work were addresses delivered in connection with observances of the festivals of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, before various Masonic gatherings. On September 15, 1925, he was crowned a Sovereign Grand Inspector General, 33rd Degree, and made an honorary member of the Supreme Council of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, August 23rd, at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Dearborn Street and Walton Place. The Rev. Ernest Fremont Tittle, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois (Mr. Nesbit's church of religious worship), preached the funeral sermon, following which Scottish Rite Masonic Services were rendered, Mr. Arthur M. Millard, Mr. Lloyd E. Work and Mr. Richard J. Deheree, officiating for the Scottish Rites Bodies.

In 1899, Mary Lee Jenkins, of Indianapolis, became Mrs. Nesbit. She, with three sons, Richard Harvey, John Robert and Wilbur D., Jr., survive him.

Interment was in Acacia Park Cemetery, Chicago, under the auspices of Evans Lodge, No. 524, A. F. & A. M., of Evanston, Illinois.

The active pallbearers were Harold Dyrenforth, William E. Johnson, Edward B. Carson, Evan A. Evans, Joseph A. Rushton and William H. Rankin.



Land Problems of the East and West

A remarkable survey of the farm situation of the West made by Dr. E. Stanton Hodgkin—The same old land problem appearing in modern times that disturbed the agrarians of ancient times

THE Old Testament writers always assumed that the land belonged to Jehovah, the creator and ruler of the world. He parcelled it out to his people and held them to strict accountability for its use. To the ancient Jews, the land question was always a religious one.*

Virtually all early peoples held similar views. The land was regarded as the fundamental material reality that linked them most closely to God.

A vital truth pervades all these primitive views. It is through the varied natural resources of the world that seat back into the land, that we are brought face to face with the divinity that moves through all life. It is through the use that we make of these resources that we gain whatever heaven is attainable.

We often speak of the tiller of the soil as the most independent of persons. In some respects he is. But ever since the beginning of time the tiller of the soil has been robbed and despoiled by all the aggressive and predatory interests. Of him to a greater extent than any other class it can be truly said: "He has sowed and toiled and borne the burden and the heat of the day and others have reaped the increase." It has been easier to reduce and to keep the tillers of the soil in a state of serfdom or dependence than any other class. In new countries it is invariably the yeoman, the countrymen, who are the strong, independent, self-reliant class, that give character and strength to a nation. But as the nation becomes older and life falls into a more definite routine, the actual tiller of the soil is likely to become more and more dependent and servile.

This tendency is present in our own America today. Organized industry and commerce, and organized labor seem to be better able to promote their own interests and well-being than do the unorganized and seemingly unorganizable tillers of the soil. There are indications that in the struggle between the organized capitalistic interests on the one side and the organized labor interests on the other, the tillers of the soil are being slowly and almost inevitably pushed down to a position of servitude to both.

I predict that not only in the next presidential campaign, but for the next generation or two, the status of the tiller of the soil and what can be done for him, will be our most perplexing and baffling domestic problem.

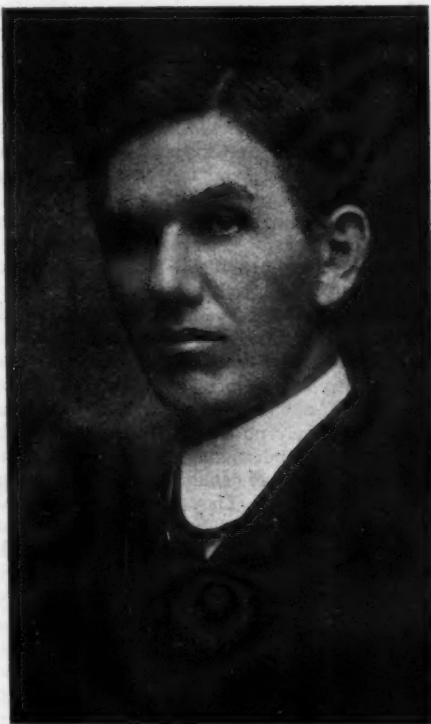
For the first time he now constitutes a minority class, and his political status will henceforth depend not upon his own vote, but upon the suffrage of others.

During the present season attention has been focussed on Massachusetts and South Dakota in a peculiar way. The fact that I am a native of South Dakota and a resident of Massachusetts has brought the two states into sharp comparison in my own life. As the result of a recent visit in the West I am attempting to evaluate somewhat roughly the conditions of the two states.

The two states have been made to stand out

in the eyes of the nation this season by the extraordinary fact of the President of the United States, a citizen of Massachusetts, making South Dakota his summer residence and the temporary seat of government. For the first time it has been brought home to the people of the East, that South Dakota is a reality and not a mere splash of color filling in a vacant place on the map.

No two states in the union form a more striking contrast to each other than Massachusetts and South Dakota. This is one of the oldest states, that, one of the newest. This state is pre-eminently industrial, that pre-eminently agricultural. The wealth, prosperity and security



E. Stanton Hodgkin, D.D.

of the people of South Dakota is absolutely dependent upon what it takes from its own soil. In no state is the wealth, prosperity and security of the people so slightly dependent upon what it takes from its own soil as in Massachusetts.

The contrast in geographical extent and character is striking. It may be a shock to some New England people to learn that the insignificant state of South Dakota is greater in extent than all six of the New England states combined, with New Jersey and Delaware thrown in for good measure.

But great as is South Dakota in geographical extent, its population is but little larger than

that of the smallest of the states—Rhode Island. While South Dakota is more than nine times as large as Massachusetts, the population of the latter is nearly seven times as great as the former.

Massachusetts is a state of industrial cities, while the 20 largest cities in South Dakota have an aggregate population about equal to that of New Bedford alone. Yet it is amazing how metropolitan some of those small cities of South Dakota are, with their large hotels, the great number of people coming and going and the apparent commercial activity that exists.

A person from New England in traveling through the eastern half of the great state of South Dakota is struck by the small amount of waste land he sees; a large per cent of all the land is in use. A person from South Dakota, on the other hand, in traveling through the small state of Massachusetts is amazed to see how much waste land there is—how much of the surface of the state appears to be in a purely primeval condition.

I travelled about eleven hundred miles through South Dakota during the summer, by train and motor, stopped in a number of localities and talked with people in all conditions and circumstances in life. I learned that the talk about adversity among the farmers of the west is no fiction but a grim reality. During the last few years more than half the banks in the state have failed with serious losses to all; an ever increasing number of farms have become more and more heavily mortgaged, and each year it has been increasingly difficult to make both ends meet. As many of them put it, "Prior to the war we were steadily gaining and improving our conditions and could look to the future with hope and courage. Now all this is reversed: after a short period of feverish, false prosperity, matters have grown steadily worse and it is hard to see much encouragement for the future." Many assume that everybody in the East is growing wealthy at the expense of the West. I could assure them that the textile industry of New England, at least, had run a course exactly parallel with that of the agricultural West—a period of feverish prosperity, followed by a long period of increasing depression and depreciation; and that there was nothing that the textile industry of New England so much needed, as a prosperous West to furnish it a ready market for its products.

When people discovered that I was from Massachusetts, one of two questions were likely to be asked. One was, "What are you people going to do with Sacco and Vanzetti?" The other was, "What does your Massachusetts president know about the conditions and needs of the agricultural West?" The political situation seems to me to be shaping itself in the minds of an increasing number of people in the language of the West about as follows:

"Your Massachusetts president read us a good lecture on self-reliance in his veto of the McNary-

*From a recent address delivered in New Bedford.

Haugen farm relief bill. He tells us in substance that our ills are primarily economic rather than political, and relief must come mainly through the application on our part of sound economic principles of thrift, cooperation and good judgment, rather than through any drastic political measures. He tells us furthermore that attempts to fix the prices of products by arbitrary political measures that interfere with the natural flow of the law of supply and demand are futile, will result in worse calamities than we now face, and are not to be encouraged." "This," they say, "may be very good philosophy; his criticisms of the defects and unworkability of the McNary-Haugen bill may be true, but it seems to many of us that such a lecture would come with better grace from almost any source than from such an apostle of a high protective tariff as President Coolidge. Isn't it the sole purpose of a high protective tariff to increase the price of commodities through a direct, arbitrary, political interference with the natural flow of the law of supply and demand? If such an interference for the purpose of sustaining prices on the agricultural products of the West is vicious, how is it so virtuous when applied to increasing the prices of industrial products in the East?"

The high protective tariff interests of the East may be able to answer such questions to their own satisfaction, but they are likely to have greater difficulty in answering them to the satisfaction of some of the questioners of the West.

There is no doubt that there was great inflation of values in the West during the war period, resulting in reckless speculation and extravagance, and that much of the distress of today is the result of the painful but necessary process of deflation; the reduction of values to a sound and stable basis.

There is no law that can or ought to save any section of the country from the pains of deflation. We ought to suffer to the full the consequences of our follies and extravagances, including the indulgence in wars and preparation of wars.

Back of these pains of deflation, however, there has been a continuous squeeze upon the western farmer more acute than has befallen any other group. The laboring class through its organizations and unions has been able to keep up or even increase wages. Manufacturers, through efficient organization and improved methods and machinery, have more than held their own. Distributors, through combinations and organizations, have boosted salaries and

wages and greatly increased the costs of distribution.

The farmer sells raw material, and buys finished products. He receives the lowest price for his raw material of anyone who handles it and he pays the highest price for his finished product, because he is the first to let go of the one and last to receive the other. The result is that there is a greater disparity today, between the price of the things the farmer sells and the price of things he buys than in previous times. It is this slow but apparently inevitable pressure that is reducing the average farmer to bankruptcy.

There are exceptional farmers, many of them who prosper in the midst of depression, just as there are exceptional mill men in New Bedford, Fall River and elsewhere whose mills flourish and pay dividends through all depression; while many other mill men are lying awake nights trying to devise ways of keeping their heads above water. It is the ordinary farmer that we must consider, just as it is the ordinary person that determines conditions everywhere.

The laborers, the manufacturers and the distributors are each as a class able to organize and combine and exert effective pressure in determining the prices they will receive for what they offer. The farmer alone of all major classes cannot combine and bring any effective pressure to bear upon the prices they receive or the prices they pay. Prices are all determined by a combination of organizations and forces in which they have no participation.

This does not mean that the other forces are in a conspiracy to rob the farmer. Nothing of the kind. Each is simply pushing its own interests to the utmost, and the class that cannot combine and push get pushed to the wall.

The farmers have made many efforts to organize and combine for their own protection, but such efforts were futile and left them in a worse state than it found them.

You will recall how the farmers of North Dakota organized themselves into a new political party, took things into their own hands and undertook to do their own buying and selling and banking. The movement collapsed in a few years, due largely no doubt to unwise methods and impossible undertakings. You will remember what a scream of denunciation went up over the whole country. They were denounced as communists, Bolsheviks, disciples of Moscow and enemies of their country. This shows how much encouragement the farmers are likely to receive from the country as a whole, and especially from

old line party adherents, when they attempt any unorthodox political combination to further their own interests.

Other attempts at purely economic co-operation were tried. Chains of co-operative stores, financed by farmers and with boards of farmer directors, were established through South Dakota. They collapsed when the banks failed; the farmers lost all they put into them, and many responsible farmer directors lost their farms or had them heavily mortgaged in the final liquidation.

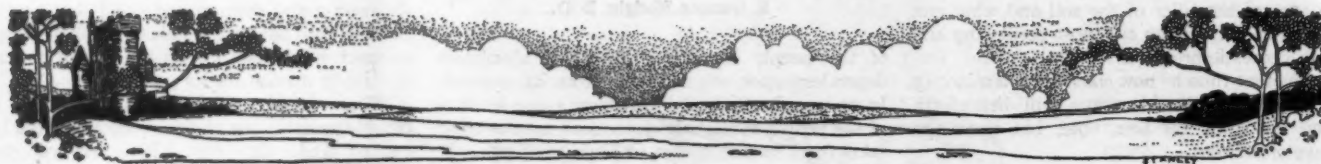
Millions of dollars were raised by the farmers of South Dakota, and packing houses were built in such centers as Aberdeen, Huron, Watertown and Sioux Falls. The farmers were determined to pack their own meat, and hold it for the better prices, instead of always being compelled to market it when ready for the market—usually, when the prices were lowest. They found they could not run their packing houses after they were built. They hadn't the technique and could not command it. They could not hitch up with the distributing forces of the country, and after the plants had stood idle for two or three years, they were sold to the Armour and Swifts and other Chicago packers for a fraction of what they cost.

They established chains of elevators, in order to hold their grain and perhaps have something to say about the price, so they would not be compelled to throw it onto the market in a great flood at threshing time when the market was sure to be lowest. Little or nothing came from this movement.

Another serious problem is the deterioration in the character of the tillers of the soil. Ever, the more vigorous and ambitious boys and girls respond to the call of the greater opportunities in the cities. It has always been thus. But as the urban population becomes constantly greater in proportion to the rural population, this process of selection becomes more pronounced, and is telling upon the character of those remaining in rural life.

Are the tillers of the soil to become more and more a disinherited class, hewers of wood and drawers of water to other interests who will finally own the land?

This is the tendency just now. This seems to always be the tendency in old settled, routinized countries. France turned back this tendency and saved the day, somewhat at least, by drastic revolutionary methods. Russia is trying still more ruthless revolutionary methods, and apparently with little success.



Gay Granada and the Haunting Alhambra

Amid the scenes that fascinated Washington Irving and American tourists — The Moorish-Spanish city that was the center of the duel between the civilization of Moslem and Christendom — The original Sierra Nevadas and irrigated plains

WILL there be nightingales in the gardens of the Alhambra?" we had asked a celebrated baritone in Paris when he had rhapsodized the "Paradise of Men," the "Land of Manana." "Nightingales? Yes." He smiled. "But they will never sing for you."

"Why not?" "Because there is little singing in that poetic country. Life is full of color and gaiety. The people are happy. They play and they dance. But they do not sing much. Neither do their birds. Life is too easy. Song comes from a burden lifted somewhere. And there seem to be no burdens in Spain."

Still—at Granada there would be nightingales. So over the original Sierra Nevadas from the port of Malaga, making short curves at right angles on the rim of mountains, we came to the broad, irrigated plains of Granada. The wide-spread, well-cultivated fields, ready for a harvest of sugar beets, revealed the back country that served as a basis for the Moorish dream of making a world-famed city in the old kingdom of Grandine.

The conquest of Granada in 1492 is a date that Americans can easily remember, as it is co-incident with the discovery of Columbus which has prominent mention in our school books. Dashing into the quaint little village of Santa Fe, we naturally first thought of the old trail, a railroad, and the contrast with the capital city of New Mexico. The old town, with narrow streets and fortress-like dwellings, marked the site where the military camp was deployed that won the victory in the siege of Granada. Passing through an old arched gate, spanning a street, we looked upon the site marking the historic outposts of the army which received the surrender of Boabdil, the Moslem, after the conflict of four centuries. The Alcazar was the citadel that had made Granada world-famous as a Moslem stronghold.

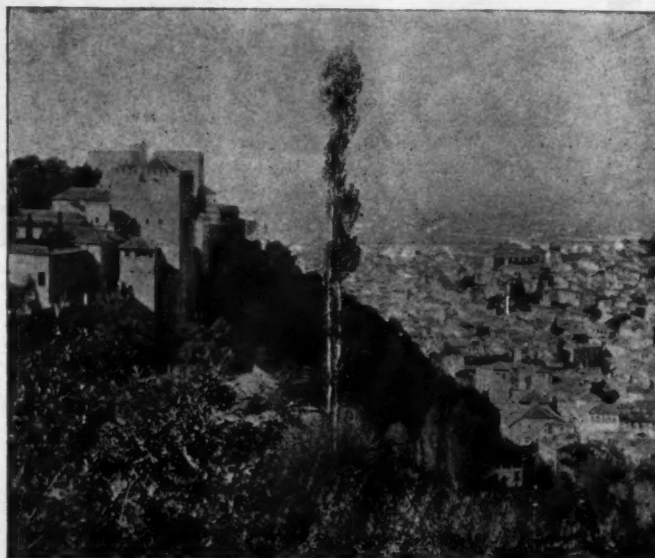
Once more the plains below have been transformed into scenes of peace. Teams of sturdy bulls that had been rejected for the ring were pulling the same old carts that had dotted the countryside for centuries past. The drivers, with their flat-topped, broad-brimmed hats, were as dignified as old-time stage drivers in clearing the right of way for the slow-moving caravan of vehicles hauling sugar beets to the sugar mill. A tall factory chimney at the foot of the mountain challenges the attention of visitors as a companion to the turrets of the Alhambra, which seem to stand out as though defying industrial intrusion. Our arrival was heralded by the honking motor cars leading a tourist caravan to Old Granada.

Near the gates of the historic Alhambra is the Washington Irving Hotel, named for the American author who served as Minister to Spain in the '30's and renewed world-interest in Spanish history. Nestling in the old elms on the moun-

tain-side, this spot, naturally attractive to American visitors, is within a stone's throw of the historic Gate of Justice, marking the entrance to the Alhambra. Through this ancient portal, with old bricks tracing the outline of a Moorish arch, passed Isabella and Ferdinand on the eventful day they entered Granada, celebrating the conquest of that enchanted realm. Boabdil, the vanquished Moor, handed them the keys to

network of artistic fortifications impressively stolid and impregnable, while within are walls adorned with the beauty of mosaics unsurpassed.

The thrill of Granada comes in being able to feel the distinctive and attractive atmosphere of the place associated with the history of the marvelously versatile, artistic Moor. The delicate lacework of masonry and carved wood, the endless array of beautiful arches, blended so that



View of Granada from Queen Isabella's room at the Alhambra

Alhambra, the prize citadel beautiful, with tears in his eyes as he realized that this was the ebb-tide of the Moorish occupation of Europe.

The walls of the abandoned Alhambra seemed to echo tales of the past to us in the stately Hall of the Ambassadors. In a deserted room in the ruins, which he did so much to restore, the author of Rip Van Winkle, in the company of bats and rats, ate, slept, and wrote his classic stories of the Alhambra. He appeared to converse with the spirits of the helmeted crusaders of the Spanish legions, who treated with the haughty Saracenic conqueror. The Moslems had already made Granada their own, and the Alhambra was the military gem, the strategic point around which centered stirring chapters in the world of romance. They built the Alhambra as a fortress to endure for the ages, a monument to the genius of Mohammedan civilization at its zenith.

There was the whirr of the wings of birds in the old open spaces of the Hall of the Ambassadors where ambitions of the Moslem were solemnly discussed. In Saracenic days, as now, the Alhambra encircled the heights lying beneath the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevadas. The massive brown walls seem interwoven with the sky line on the mountains, a half mile long, a

not one, but all, constitute the picture. Exquisite mosaics, glorious gateways, and delicately-wrought balconies all tell mutely a more vivid story than printed words in archives could ever express.

Nothing short of complete destruction can entirely obliterate the perfection of their work. As was the case with the Taj Mahal in India, even the rulers of the conquered land were so impressed and devoutly moved by its utter beauty that they preserved it reverently for future generations to feast their eyes upon as an evidence of the eternity of art.

The approach to the Alhambra is through arches of heavy foliage, forming a dark tunnel through the tall elms. From the banks of the river far below we looked up at the perpendicular cliffs upon which rests the great Moorish monument. The site of the old bridge, now closed, tells a poignant tale of the days of defense. The cliffs, deep brown and red in color, blend in exquisite harmony with the red-tiled roofs of the old Granada and present a note of natural and architectural beauty that has become the inspiration of artists in an effort to reproduce it in all the feeling which romantic and artistic Alhambra represents.

Every visitor passing through the riot of forest

and shrubbery in his entrance to the Alhambra can quite sympathize with the mother of Boabdil, who, when she beheld her son in tears over losing the cherished treasure, said: "Do not weep like a woman over that which thou couldst not defend like a man."

Opening the casement windows that morning in the hotel, the sharp crispness and tingle of the atmosphere reminded us of October in the

wooden blocks, the various colored woods, ivory, and even gems provide an ornamental effect that is unsurpassed, nothing short of bewitching. Unfortunately for the art, since the World War the present generation is inclined to shirk the work, the methods entailing much painstaking labor and patience, and the younger people seeming to have lost the deft handicraft, through making use of more rapid methods with machines which

tailor whose coat is often the most in need of mending. The fact that there is a Paris, London, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Palm Beach, Miami, Deauville, or the Riviera, where fashionable beauties wrapped in these same silken robes parade with the care-free grace that stamps them as "La Mode," did not interrupt or affect the busy little workers who made them during hours and hours of toil. Industrious they stitched, unmindful of where their slowly-made masterpiece was going to be worn, indifferent as to whether it was to appear on the white shoulders of a debutante at some notable social fete or become a shroud for some proud dowager dame.

* * *

Irresistibly we were drawn to the historic Hall of the Ambassadors, through the open-spaced window arches of which we gazed upon enchanting vistas, where design upon design of never-ending beauty unfolded in vivid color. In days ago, the Moorish Sultans had passed through this room in glittering draperies and tinselled pantaloons, moving along silently in the shadows in their upturned slippers of soft silk. Corridor after corridor was passed as we tried to vision the inhabitants of Alhambra as they appeared in their old-time splendor, made lively by the constant passage of turbaned lords or princes, bejeweled and bejeweled from sole to crown, and with scimitars dangling at their sides.

The intense fascination of Moorish art was unfolded as we passed through the one-time harems, where shafts of brilliant sunlight, alternating with deep shadows, reveal beauty to astonished eyes in the most unexpected blend of light and shade. For the Sultan's favorite, there was a great bath as large as a tennis court; huge vases for perfumes from "Araby-blest," which mingled with the scent of roses and the aromatic odor of the rich foliage in the surrounding gardens made us regret that olfactory nerves have no memory. A fragrance can never be recalled

Dancing girls at the Gate of Justice of the Alhambra pose for "Carmen"



foothills of our own Adirondacks looking out on the landscape of northern New York. The clear steel blue atmosphere suggested a fine-cut etching. Near the gate, gaily-clad señoritas waited in expectation of being asked by the tourists to pose for their pictures in Carmen costume. Decked in the vivid colors of sunny Spain, their hair entwined with chrysanthemums, these maids of Granada had the grace of nymphs. The guitarrio twanged—it was too much for Buddy, who soon joined in the dance furious on the old pavement near the splashing fountain.

The señoritas were accustomed to the *presto* tempo and laughed heartily as young America sat down, out of breath, to wipe his brow. The Spanish *bolero* supplanted jazz, the swirl of the slim, graceful, girlish figures was the poetry of motion, and Buddy feverishly sketched between gasps for breath. When ready to resume his attentions the señoritas vanished with a toss of their heads. Thus ended the thirteenth romance.

* * *

At this gate a chapel was built by Isabella and her Consort, dedicating their entrance and repossession of Granada in the name of the Cross. The cobblestones trodden by millions of Moors and Spaniards in the last hand-to-hand conflict of the siege have been worn low. In the shadows of the walls, women and children were embroidering shawls and threading patterns on large frames, making the white lace mantillas for *fiestas* so dear to feminine hearts. It seemed like a family quilting party. Many of the Moslems live nowadays in homes and shops surrounding the walls, utilizing its spaces as a playground and park for their children. The old pile seems like a city unto itself, a treasure trove of mosaic art which has brought to the Alhambra an art glory that endures, handed down from father to son, through many generations. The ivory inlaid tables, desks, and chairs are entrancing pictures in geometrical design. Transferred to plain

produce a cheap, veneer-like imitation of the inlaid work of their forefathers. The antiques, however, still remain a wonder of the workman's skill in the realm of art.

Child labor laws have not reached the little shawl makers in Spain. They were happy in



Spanish children weaving mantillas at Granada

the performance of their colorful task. As we stopped to look on, they would run away now and then to play or peep at us from beneath their black lashes. Mayhap they had visions of some day owning such a shawl as they were making, to wear themselves at a gay *fiesta de las flores*. But they were oblivious in the daily grind of stitching, ever stitching; for it is the cobbler whose shoes very often are the oldest and the

without some actual contact of a present, stirring suggestion. Amid these ancient luxurious surroundings, the Moors lived in quiet seclusion, a cloister of sheer loveliness surrounded by earthly hours, while eunuchs and slaves attended. An American college boy having noted this luxury, wrote home: "Saw the Alhambra. Bet the Caliph was comfortable. Don't see how he had the heart to leave it long enough to fight the

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The American Home of "R. L. S."

The little cottage at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks where Robert Louis Stevenson did some of his best work preserved as a shrine by Walter Scott and the "R. L. S."

Memorial Association

AN event of world wide interest occurred at the little cottage at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks where Robert Louis Stevenson did much of his work in the prime of his literary career. President Walter Scott, of New York, an American, but one who does love to honor the race from which he sprung has made it possible to preserve this historic American shrine of the beloved R. L. S.

On this occasion he presented the original bronze which he purchased from Allen Hutchinson, the noted sculptor, who lived with Stevenson in 1893 and modelled a wonderful head. The sculptor was present at the meeting and delivered a very personal talk concerning the celebrated author of "Treasure Island" that recalled his interesting visit with Stevenson.

In the throng that gathered in that little cottage that rainy day were many men eminent in literature. After the address of Dr. Charles F. Erdman of Princeton, President Walter Scott standing within a few feet of the famous mantelpiece on which the clock ticked away the hours while Stevenson wrote, delivered a tribute that will not soon be forgotten.

"Today, as I stand on this hallowed ground, my heart is flooded with thoughts of the one who lived, wrote and struggled here, for as "all the world loves a lover," so all the world loves a courageous fighter, and all his life Robert Louis Stevenson battled with one of the most unrelenting foes. Sick many times nigh unto death, yet with grim determination he fought on, raising aloft the falling flag, and with high courage plunging again and again into the fight; and our legacy is in his many living tales and essays, oftentimes written when the will, and not the hand, held the pen. As a result, he lives today far richer than when with us in the flesh, for during his all too brief span of life he experienced, in addition to his sick days, many sad ones. There were dark periods when he was compelled to battle with the vexing problem of financial need—when he was forced to practice the utmost frugality. But if the day was dark, he only threw himself into his work with greater and more feverish intensity. Time mellowed many of these troubles and softened the pain of them, but the desperate struggle with ill health remained. In those trying days when he was being sifted in the pan of life, he came through 18-karat gold—a dauntless soul. It is easy to predict that he will continue to grow, for he is one of the immortals. The inspiration of such a life does not end when the heart has ceased to beat.

Let us pause for a moment and think of

his life here in 1887-88. As I have often remarked, I never visit this spot without visualizing that tall figure as he sat writing in this corner room until he was weary—until flesh and blood could stand no more; then in the open air for hours, walking restlessly this very porch that you see before you. During that struggle, as he inhaled the life-giving air of these snow-clad moun-

asked myself the question, "If he had enjoyed robust health, would he have accomplished more or less?"

His personality was such that he stood out a stalwart figure, and he extracted far more out of life than the average man. Into every line of his work he wrote his very being, and thus on lofty mountain-top, on modest hill, and on the crest of each wave



(Left to right) Raymond M. Obenchain, Dr. Hugh M. Kingborn, Rev. Charles F. Erdman, D. D., Dr. Lawrason Brown, Allen Hutchinson, Colonel Walter Scott, Daniel Frohman, Dr. J. Woods-Price, Livingston Chapman, William Morris

tains, he did some of his finest work—"The Master of Ballantrae," "The Lantern Bearer," "A Christmas Sermon," and other essays. What an inspiring example he left for all who are compelled to dwell in this high altitude! He showed us that no matter how frail the body, the brain and will and spirit can be strong, and that with such outstanding qualities as cheerfulness, courage and determination the most appalling obstacles can be removed from the path of life.

Often a person lacks one of life's precious gifts, but is endowed with a double portion of some other. Stevenson lacked health, but he had genius for narration in more than double measure, and many times I have

we behold our beloved Stevenson—we hear him, and feel his magic charm. I often think that when he was penning the words of that most beautiful and pathetic of all epitaphs, so near the tragic close of his career, he was in his soul repeating those comforting words of Lady Nairn, in substance:

"I am wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal,
For there's nae sorrow there,
There's naither cauld, nor care;
And my soul langts to be there,
In the land of the leal."

And so once more God called one of his children to dwell on high, and another bright star was added to the canopy. We never weary of renewing our faith and loyalty to him, for while he was burning his life away he built that glorious monument of writings for future generations, and left a brilliant and eternal light that glows in those familiar letters—R. L. S.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—Milton.

The Grand Old Naturalist of Florida

Charles Torrey Simpson at the age of eighty continuing his great life work in developing the Flora and Fauna of the state of flowers—His life struggles and triumphs in searching at Nature's secrets in the Tropics

IN the sunset of life fame comes to Charles Torrey Simpson of Miami at eighty-one years of age. What Burbank was to the world this man is to Florida, and probably more. Mr. Simpson is a naturalist, one of the best known in the country. His city, his state and the national government have conferred great honors

By JOSEPH FAUS

in his plants and trees; his gentle mind remains calmly aloof from the fads and fashions of modern existence that whirligig about him. His love is his plants, and his life is his plants; very little more, and certainly no less, concerns him.

The life of this naturalist has not been checkered with four-leaf clovers; on the contrary he has worked harder and longer than the average celebrity to corner a modicum of fame—fame which, incidentally, comes unbidden to the modest personage.

An adventurous life Mr. Simpson has lived. He was born in Illinois in 1846. At fifteen he enlisted in the Union Army and passed successfully through several exciting major engagements in the Civil War. After its close he joined the navy, the eventful life broadening his experiences and still further hardening his muscles. After that for nine years he was by turns a carpenter, farmer and manual laborer.

He had, as a mere boy, been through only a grammar school; but in the after years of rough and tumble toil he read at every chance. He particularly liked books on scientific subjects and these in time narrowed down to those of plant and animal life. He made up his youthful mind that he would be a botanist and zoologist, and true to this determination, he studied eagerly and earnestly whenever he could on the subjects. After several years he acquired, through some jobs, some practical experience; then he secured a position in the United States National Museum, at Washington; and later on another in the United States Agricultural Museum, in the same city. From then on he forged steadily to the top.

In his spare time he wrote pamphlets on various scientific subjects for several organizations in Washington; he also contributed to national magazines and metropolitan newspapers. A dozen technical and non-technical books by Mr. Simpson have enjoyed wide sales and reading throughout the country. He has been on numerous governmental and private scientific expeditions; he has served, and yet serves, in advisory and active capacity on many city beautifying boards. Here he works gratis, and gladly.

A tree or a plant to Charles Torrey Simpson is not just a tree or a plant, but a friend, a loving friend—to be observed, to be helped, to be sympathized with, to profit by its nature-precepts. His immature trees he cares for and watches over as zealously and jealously as a mother does a baby. A ruthless destroying of a useful and ornamental tree is to him a crime tantamount with a human murder.

When in September, 1926, the great hurricane swept devastatingly across south Florida, it left in its wake tens of thousands of torn, bruised and lifeless trees. On Mr. Simpson's own beautiful estate, on Biscayne Bay, it destroyed scores of

valuable plants and trees that he had been experimenting with, caring for and loving, for many years. With no bathos it is, I am sure, no exaggeration to say that just as their life sap flowed so did the heart of their mentor, and now helpless protector, bleed. Mr. Simpson stifled his sighs and bravely set about saving all that he



Charles Torrey Simpson, naturalist

on him for his valuable contributions to his science. He is "the grand old man" of Florida.

In 1923 the Meyer Medal for Plant Introduction was presented to Mr. Simpson—a most illustrious distinction in his profession. The federal government has praised glowingly his work in the Capital City: his professional instructions at Georgetown Medical School, his lectures at Georgetown University, his work as a staff member of the Smithsonian Institute. Mr. Simpson is a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Davenport, Iowa, and of the Biological Society of Washington. The Miami University, of his home city, last June conferred the honorary degree of Bachelor of Science on the naturalist.

It is rather unique in this more or less materialistic age of the world to find a man who all his life practically has worked altruistically, and tirelessly, out of pure love for his labor, considering as secondary—and often not considering them at all—the pecuniary rewards. Mr. Simpson, even at eighty-one, is passionately wrapped up



Favorite scene in Simpson's garden

could, transplanting where he could, re-planting those he could. So much was the naturalist's advice and service demanded in Miami and other afflicted towns that he had little time at first to devote to the rehabilitation of his own estate.

Today it presents an impression of new and gorgeous life, of new verdure, of new strength, of things that have been tried and tested and have emerged from the crucible, triumphant. On this enchanting estate Charles Torrey Simpson has about 3,000 different species of plants and trees. He has also a collection of 20,000 varieties of shells, of which he personally collected 4,000. Successfully this naturalist has introduced into this country a score of foreign plants, and he has materially aided in developing many other varieties indigenous to south Florida and the tropics.

Mr. Simpson's rules for success are summed tersely up in one word—"work." Work, he avers, is an anodyne for physical pain, a balm for mental anguish, an omni-important aid to

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Romance of an Art in "Sweet-tooths"

The beginning of "Betty's Shoppe"—How a Buffalo woman turned the art of candy making into a romance and successful business—Putting personality into products

By MAE THIRZA CHURCHILL

IT all began in the kitchen of a country house where week-end guests had gathered to while away a stormy afternoon with candy making. The purpose of the hostess had been to sweeten up the party, disappointed by the persistent downpour that prevented any outdoor excursions, but her entertainment resulted in one woman of the group making it her life work to sweeten up the world with the purest and best confections that could be made.

"Why work for a meagre salary when you have a fortune right in your hand? Why not give the world the benefit of your unusual creative gift?" were the chorus of suggestions from friends.

Though the call to build a business was alluring, it had much the aspect of a vagrant will-o'-the-wisp, for there were no reserve finances to back such a venture, and Mrs. Duggan's brief business experience had not been along executive lines. Only when the inner urge became too persistent to be denied did she abandon the routine of an office, with its definite income, and attempt to market her extraordinary genius.

The adventure began in a tiny 8 x 16 storehouse in the rear of the home lot at 300 Jersey Street, and immediately it was necessary to decide upon a name for these new candies. Colonial is the type that fits Mrs. Elizabeth Duggan's style and beauty, for since early girlhood her hair has been silvery white. This wealth of glossy, shimmering whiteness crowns a youthful face lighted with brown eyes and a ready, winsome smile. Her personality radiates a quiet happiness and a wholesome, homey atmosphere, so it is quite in harmony with this fair proprietor that the trade-mark she chose for her confections should be "Betty's Colonial Sweets."

A salesman found her very early in her career, and when Mrs. Duggan appeared at the little shoppe door he asked:

"Are you Mrs. Betty?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he ejaculated admiringly, "You look the part."

The first year she was not only the proprietor, but the candy maker, the chocolate dipper, the bon bon dipper, phone girl, packer, clerk, bookkeeper, dish-washer, and even "Our Own Delivery" as well. The second year the business had increased sufficiently to warrant the enlargement of the quarters and the hiring of both a high-grade candy maker and a chocolate dipper. The first enlargement connected the little house in the rear with the home in which

Betty lived with her family. Continuous changes demanded by the increasing business finally pushed the family into other living quarters, and Betty's business took over the entire house. Five times the plant



Mrs. Elizabeth C. Duggan

has been enlarged, and with each expansion the working force has been increased, but it still retains its homey atmosphere and is as delightful and distinctive in its Colonial aspect as though in the streets of old Salem.

Come with me up the narrow path of broken flagging between barberry hedges to the Colonial door. Literally you must lift the latch to walk in. You will gasp with happy surprise and exclaim with wonder as soon as you cross the threshold, for the luring attractiveness of the exterior increases the farther you go into this dainty and unique shoppe. There are no counters, but delicious candies are on trays in white cases behind glistening glass doors; and courteous clerks in gray and rose smocks, that blend in with the coloring of the Colonial paper, are ready to serve you or show you

through the establishment. Because the working quarters are always open to Betty's patrons, and the mysteries of her high art are not hidden, many Buffalonians bring their guests to Betty's shoppe when showing the sights of the Queen City of the Lakes.

In this store is the usual assortment of glossy chocolates and bon bons found in any store, but Betty's genius has found expression in decorated and unusual candies for social functions. There were some mint patties decorated with roses, lilies of the valley, jonquils, violets, or any flower you may choose. The names of the guests were written in icing across these patties, which were to be used as place cards at some social affair. We were told the patties were sometimes shaped like wedding bells or hatchets or hearts and then decorated to fit the hostess' color scheme. In one of the cases were some decorated candy cakes ranging in size from a small napkin ring to a pound or more. Some were decorated for a birthday and had candles, while others had a miniature bride and groom for wedding anniversaries. These cakes are also made in heart-shaped molds to adorn a bridal table.

On the day of this visit golden-tinted sugar was being spun across a bright nickle bar and then shaped into nests for some hostess' luncheon table. Usually these nests contain the ice cream, but on this day Mrs. Betty was filling the nests with pink mint-flavored candy rose petals. When her skillful fingers had formed buds and full-blown roses in the yellow spun sugar nest, she picked up a pastry tube and added green stems and leaves that made her creation perfect. It was such a charming and unique way to serve dinner candies that even a guest who did not eat sweets could not resist the pleasure of drawing at least one pink rose petal from its golden setting. Mrs. Betty says that any one who can eat sugar can eat her candies, since they are made without substitutes and only the purest ingredients are used. There were many novel suggestions to be seen about the shoppe. Some of those candy rose petals had been made into individual nut cups; tiny decorated chocolate baskets or chocolate half egg shells were also used for nut containers, and a beautiful centerpiece was a candy basket filled with dipped fresh strawberries and crystallized candy flowers that glistened like chip diamonds under an electric light.

There is no gift that brings greater joy to the possessor than the power to create, and

Mrs. Betty loves the creative side of her work. To make a new bon bon that will please the fastidious taste of her patrons, to create a new confection for a place card, a centerpiece, or a holiday gift, gives her the same joy that the inventor, the author, or the artist feels who creates through other mediums than sugar and flavors and pastry tubes.

This is purely a retail business, for Betty wants her candies to be freshly packed for each consumer. "Buy Betty's and you buy the Best" is more than a slogan with her. It is a truth that must be emphasized in the appearance and quality and variety of every box that bears her label. These candies are shipped everywhere. Her parcel post book showed addresses into Alaska, Persia, China, South America, Honolulu, and many countries in Europe. One valued patron sojourning in a foreign land has a box of Betty's shipped every month to her address in Europe. From around the world have come letters of appreciation for the careful packing that made the recipient hesitate to spoil the beauty of the box by removing any of the contents.

To build a business without money in a conservative city on a side street far from a business center is a long, hard, up-hill climb.



Home of "Betty's Colonial Sweets"

but Mrs. Duggan has never forsaken her first clear vision to create about the name of "Betty's Colonial Sweets" a synonym for purity, wholesomeness, and a product manufactured in a clean and happy atmosphere. There have been some rebuffs and many discouragements, but only one result could

follow such persistent and sincere effort, and that is the sure success that is always the reward of industry and pains. While attaining an enviable reputation as one of Buffalo's prominent business women, Mrs. Duggan has found time, also, to be interested in civic, church, and club affairs. She is a charter member of the Town Club; and as a (charter) member of the Zonta Club (a business woman's luncheon club much the same as Rotary) she has exemplified their code to be true to the ideals of womanhood and in business to be "Fair, Square, Everytime, Everywhere."

The many hardships have been conquered, the handicaps have been overcome, and the mistakes made through ignorance have become stepping stones to richer and broader experiences until Mrs. Betty is among the leaders in her line. She is an artist with the pastry tube, a concocter of dainty, luscious sweets that delight the eye as well as ravish the palate. She has proven the truth of an old quotation, "Build your house in the woods, do something worth while, and the world will make a path to your door."

Gay Granada and the Haunting Alhambra

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poor Christians who lived on the plains. Don't know much about architecture, Dad, but this looks like a pleasant little dump to live in—no corner lots for sale."

Although many centuries have passed, the Alhambra still gives to the world not only its beauty but that feeling of "home" which is the dominating atmosphere of Spain.

Through the diplomacy of Isabella and conquest of arms, together with the weakness of the Caliph Abdul Hassan, to whose door is laid much of the blame, came the final disintegration of the Moors, marking an era in history.

The Caliph's intrigue with an humble Spanish slave caused dissension within the palace, and resulted in his resigning Malaga to his brother, which foreshadowed a nation already divided against itself. The valiant Sultana, seeing another star in the ascendant, and knowing the fate of the discarded favorite, succeeded in escaping with her children and commenced a struggle on their behalf which finally resulted in Boabdil's eldest son being proclaimed Sultan, when his father was dethroned. Boabdil was unequal to the responsibility which descended upon his shoulders and was unable to hold Alhambra and save his vanishing glories, notwithstanding that Granada, true to Moorish stoical valor, refused to surrender until forced to do so after a blood-flowing man-to-man combat with the Spanish conquerors encamped at Santa Fe. "The last sigh of the Moor" is a pathetic picture of the sorrowing son of Aisha looking down upon the lost citadel of beauty and power, which was like a dream fading out forever.

There is a close intermingling of the old and the new in Granada. The modern city is cosmopolitan—with its tramways, electric lights, and modern business sections—a Granada with com-

mercial ambitions. Adjoining it, yet absolutely distinct from it, are the mountainside caves of the gypsies.

These gypsies are said to be the wildest in the Iberian peninsula. They were here long before the Moors. Their ancestors doubtless stood in the shadows of these same caves and watched the sun shine on the glittering spears of the Roman soldiers marching across the valley below. Therefore it is no wonder that these caves, which form a kind of village called the Albiacin, remind one of the dawn of the world.

These caves were only deep enough to form one room. One had to pass out of dazzling sunshine into velvety blackness. When the eyes became adapted to the change, about the first thing to be seen was the outline of what appeared to be a body hanging against the wall. But it was merely the pigskin with the wine. Then gradually might be observed an oblong table on which rest antiques made in Granada a few days before. Feminine gypsies of all ages and sizes battled to tell your fortune or to obtain the silver necessary to produce for you an exhibition of dancing—and a "further reading."

Now all this has changed. The gypsies are less romantic. They are more efficient. They put electric lights in their caves. Thus one generation of tourists have lighted another ancient race on its way to modern ways.

In Granada proper, however, among the shops and pretentious business blocks stand the old Cathedral and the Royal Chapel, where the remains of Isabella and Ferdinand rest side by side in an imposing tomb. As we entered, huge candles were burning, as they have continued since the demise of the twain. We climbed the zig-zag stairway to the high choir where a tiny lad sang the old chant printed in Latin bold script. His clear, beautiful voice rang out

through the vaulted spaces in heavenly sweetness. I had never heard from Caruso, Galli Curci, Jeritza, or any human, such tones of ineffable tenderness. His little white face was illumined in the soft light and his great dark eyes turned upward made him seem like an angel as he put his very soul into the music. He turned the great leaves and finished to the end the notes sung at the mass when Isabella was laid away for her eternal rest in the very robe she wore when she granted Columbus the commission that led to his discovery of America.

Almost any sort of climate is possible at Granada at all times of the year. From the arid, hot plains in summer, the air grows cooler with the altitude, extending on to the snow-covered areas of the Sierra Nevadas, reached by a railroad and surmounted by a summer hotel. Even a few hundred feet makes a great change in the temperature in this dry atmosphere. Not far above the Alhambra is the old Generalife, once the summer home of sultans and favored sultanates. Even at this height sparkling pools of water and gay flowers, playing fountains, give a fairyland touch to the place. The narrow avenue of tall Lombardy poplars towering eighty feet is a lovers' lane of impressive proportions.

The scene below is so clearcut and distinctive that every view seems like a steel engraving come to life. Here amid the music of the fountains, the Caliph whiled away the hours without a thought that the flag of the crescent over the ramparts below would ever give away to the symbol of the cross now on the spire of the cathedral which marks the resting place of the conquerors, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon, while the remains of the erstwhile proud Moorish rulers from Africa mingle unknown with the dust of the land which they conquered.

Tunney's Triumph in the Prize Ring

Observations concerning an event that absorbed the attention of radio fans in September, 1927—The spectacular scene at Soldier's Field in Chicago where the largest attended gladiatorial contest in history was presented by Tex Rickard, the potentate of prize-ring sports

IT is estimated that the largest radio audience that ever listened to an announcement or an address coming from a central point had their ears rivetted to radio echoes on Sept. 22, 1927. Even the famed and historical gladiatorial conquests of ancient Rome were not witnessed by as many people as were gathered in Soldiers' Field in Chicago on this early autumn night.

The scene itself was spectacular, where 150,000 people were cheering as if a returned hero had arrived. Some of the seats were several city blocks away from the ring, on which 300,000 eyes were focused, not counting the one-eyed men or the blind

prosperity of the country, and was interesting to students of economics, as well as to the devotees of sports and athletics. It indicated that after all the climax of all

tion as the grand potentate of prize ring sports.

Newspaper accounts of this event of world-wide interest soon become mere frag-

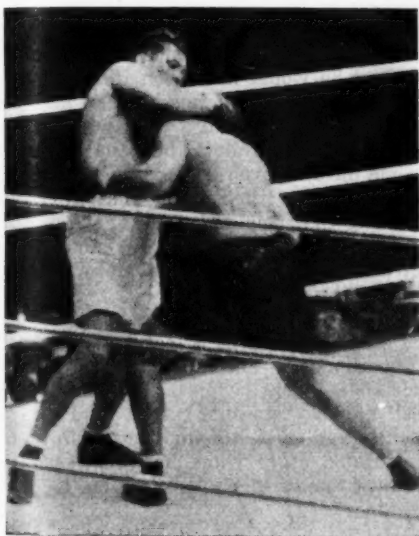


Photo by International

This picture shows Jack Dempsey ducking Tunney's left and driving into a clinch with the champion

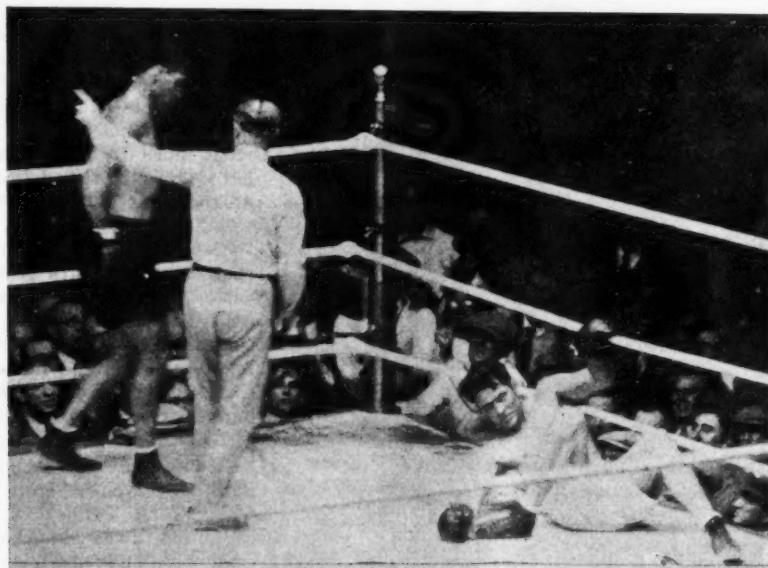
people present. It was as dramatic as any play ever written by Shakespeare, but it was the audience rather than the actors that furnished the real theme for the play. In that immense throng were individuals from every State in the Union, to say nothing of the extensive representation from Canada and foreign lands. The roof of the great theatre was the sky itself, and on this occasion the sky seemed to be the limit. Nearly every trade and vocation known in the telephone book classification were included.

* * *

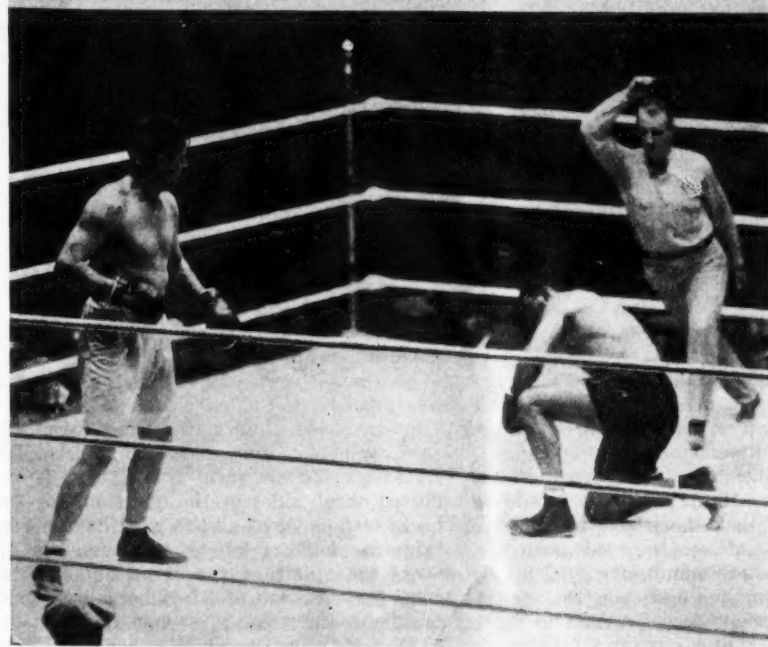
The gate receipts totalling over \$2,800,000 were a small portion of the amount expended by the enthusiastic fight fans, who came from far and near to have a few thrills, lasting a little over thirty minutes. The event was an index of the smashing

sports was the human punch, the fighting spirit of the cave man, to which has been added the skill of the more modern science of boxing; all of which was thoroughly understood by the master of psychology, Tex Rickard, who was that night given an ova-

ments of paper, the details are forgotten and future generations must largely depend upon the tradition handed down by the numerous millions who will insist that they had ringside seats at the event where Jack Dempsey's fame as a champion heavyweight



Tunney has gone down near the ropes under Dempsey's pounding in the seventh. Dave Barry is waving Dempsey back to a neutral corner and has not begun to count. Tunney got up on the count of nine, but Dempsey supporters claim the count started late. Tunney fans contend that he could have gotten up at any time



This picture shows Jack Dempsey down on his knee and the referee counting

Photos by International

faded after his celebrated comeback in the defeat of Sharkey.

The first to appear in the ring was the indomitable Dempsey with his dancing step



Photo by International

Gene Tunney, the world's heavy-weight champion and the ruling king of the prize ring

and ironical smile. Cheered lustily by his admirers, his face radiated confidence. A slow count and plenty of time was given for his supporters to give vent to their enthusiasm. Then came Gene Tunney, the young stalwart and handsome Marine, who re-

ceived his ovation, ready to meet the supreme test of his career.

From the start it was evident that Dempsey was there with his right and left dynamic punches.

It was also evident that Tunney was sparring for smashes at the ducking head of Dempsey. For six rounds it continued a vigorous sparring match that might have come within the regulations named by the Illinois authorities, who labeled the prize fight officially as a boxing bout. With bated breath, the great throng followed every motion of the contending gladiators under the spotlights, but I am not sure whether those who listened in to the announcements over the radio were not following with more intensity and bated breath the details of the fight as told over the microphone than those who were straining their eyes and ears from far-off seats. Clubs, theatres, homes and even on the streets, throngs were following even the inflection of the voice of the announcers, to catch a drift of how things were going.

A climax was reached in the seventh round, when Gene Tunney, the champion, was knocked down by a sudden furious and two-fisted assault from Dempsey's T. N. T.

punches. At the count of nine Tunney arose and backed off, circling in retreat until his faculties were cleared. The count was not started until Dempsey, according to the rules, had retired to a neutral corner, and Tunney was evidently taking advantage of

every fraction of a second of the time. It was apparent that Tunney was facing a more dangerous fighter than the uncertain floundering figure that was toppled from the fistic throne a year before. The supporters of Dempsey were wild with enthusiasm and hope for those few moments following the critical seventh round, when the sound of the gong relieved the tension of the Tunney backers. Then followed the triumph of Tunney's science in boxing. He continued smashing away at the dodging head of Dempsey, and when the blood appeared, indicating that the eyes of the old champion had been reached by the fists of the younger fighter, it was evident that the end was near.

Almost sightless and worn by strenuous hitting, Dempsey began to show signs forecasting an early knockout. In the tenth round, staggering blindly forward, it was evident that Jack Dempsey had been brought to his knees unable to further stand the smashing at his head that was coming from the hard punching young Marine. When the gong sounded announcing Tunney's victory, there was an ovation given to Dempsey with his unquenchable spirit, as well as to the blond, blue-eyed giant who had slashed and cut his foe into semi-helplessness at the end.

Wordy battles followed concerning the result, for many of Dempsey's supporters claimed he would have won in the seventh round had the count not been so slow and deliberate. Threats of arrest and legal complications may follow, but the American people have enjoyed their thirty minutes of real thrill in a prize-fight that even adds lustre to the fame and name of the original and only John L. Sullivan who enhanced the cultural fame of Boston in many a bloody bout in the prize ring.

Now comes the serious discussion of having a boxing bout as a feature of a church entertainment. The supporters point to the fact that 40,000 people at a prize fight in the Yankee Stadium arose and prayed silently and earnestly for Lindbergh on the memorable night when he swept over the Atlantic ocean alone.

Making Helpfulness a Business

Continued from page 64

with her children—all these tell a tale of the mercy exemplified by the Master. One woman who had been helped, described the Morris Plan as a prescription that cures trouble and worry, and salvages human effort. Another describes how, left penniless, she started a home bakery with a Morris Plan loan. Many students attending business college have been able to complete their courses and secure good positions. Numerous families left under a cloud by criminal fathers have been able to face the tragedy. The daughter of a man in State Prison became a librarian and rose above the cloud left over her name by her father. Another young man reports having been started in business with \$500 and in a few years had two stores. There is a prominent real estate owner in New York, who made his first start with a tiny Morris Plan loan and remains today one of the great friends

of the Institution. It was a proud moment when he was able to lease one of his buildings at a low rental for one of the branches in New York City.

All this has illuminated the subject assigned me—the human side of Morris Plan Banking. To me it is a side that is reflected on all sides of the question, for the basic sustenance of all life worth while contains the milk of human kindness. It reflects the spirit of the imperishable Lincoln, for the book of life after all is what counts in the records of men and institutions. It was Daniel Webster who said that it is human thoughtfulness only that can ultimately answer human aims, and in the very opening sentence of the Declaration of Independence, we find the words that chart the course of America "In the course of human events." If the succeeding events had not been human and humane,

there would have never been an America. The spirit even extends to the realm of dumb animals, where millions of dollars are given to provide against the distress of those patient and grateful creatures, who have served mankind. Can we be less concerned as to the welfare and happiness of the human creatures who share with us a fellowship with the divine? Crowned with a halo of humanity, Morris Plan presents a record of helpfulness and utility, that adds to the blessings of life.

Specific instances in concrete cases could be repeated indefinitely, which only evidence the great need and necessity for the expansion of the Morris Plan business, which in my judgment, has done much to stabilize business. The working men of America are buying the things made by the working men, that is what makes business. In Europe, the great throngs of inhabitants look

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A Birdseye View of Handling U.S. Mail

Uncle Sam the largest rent payer in the world—The gigantic detail work involved in receiving and distributing the billions of letters for one hundred twenty million people—Address of General J. H. Bartlett, First Assistant Postmaster General

WE often hear it said of our postal business, as well as of every other, that service is what the people want. Ours is essentially and peculiarly an establishment of service. It may be stated in a general way that about the only interest the public as a whole takes in the postal business of the country is that it gives them good postal service. As long as they receive that, they are not exercising themselves very much about many of the inside problems which engage us as officials of that service.

The postmaster and his men naturally think of their activities in two major classifications, namely, getting the mail from the public to the trains, and then getting other mail from the trains to the public.

But let it not be thought for a moment that good postal service for a hundred and twenty millions of people is a simple matter. As you know, it involves a nation-wide, yes, a world-wide system, wherein 353,223 persons are employed in a very complex and skilful co-operation. To keep such a gigantic machine running a non-stop course for the very essential existence of civilization is a great responsibility, challenging consummate business skill and technical knowledge.

Let me first point to the origin of our mail, to the raw material of our plant, so to speak. Let me remind you that every hour of every twenty-four in the day, on an average, the people drop into 50,266 post offices, 200,000 street boxes, 50,000 mail chutes, and other points of contact, approximately 3,000,000 pieces of mail, or 72,000,000 pieces every day, or 26,400,000,000 every year, the number constantly increasing. Expressing this business in terms of weight, about 400 tons per hour, 9,400 tons per day, or 3,424,645 tons per year. If you desire to do a little computing just as a pastime, I think you will find that 72,000,000 pieces of mail per day averaging eight inches in length would extend 9,000 miles, that is, it would reach from Boston to San Francisco three times,—just one day's work.

But this mail, of course, is not arranged in three straight lines across the country. It is deposited by 120,000,000 of people plus many more millions of visitors, in about 300,000 official depositories, in addition to the collections which are made from business offices and private residences. It comes from every civilized and inhabited spot in our vast domain, and it comes unceasingly by day and by night. There is no hour, no minute, and no second when mail is not dropping into the depositories of our service. It might be unthinkable assumed by some that there would be a complete cessa-

tion at night. But no, there are certain occupations and classes of people who never are inactive, even when their neighbors are slumbering under the cover of darkness. Then, too, mail trains run by night. Then, again, since the earth is revolving, when San Francisco gets ready to go to bed, Boston is hearing the rattle of the morning milk cans.

And again one must bear in mind that this torrential, onrushing river of mail does

vent some piling up. This is why we ask the public to "mail early" each day and mail often, because the boys have to wait a while for something to do and then be buried with a deluge.

Every piece of mail, because of the stamps attached, constitutes a sealed contract between the mailer and the Government for its delivery as addressed, with a provision that it will be done swiftly and safely. Speedily and constantly this mail must be



General
John H.
Bartlett,
First Assistant
Postmaster
General

not flow into our reservoirs evenly, in fact, it comes most unevenly, now a few scattered letters and then a truckload of many hundred sacks at once; now only letters, then only commodities, and these commodities weighing as little as an ounce, and as much as 70 pounds, the latter being the scale-tip of a bushel of corn (farm legislation?). In, and in, and in it pours, continuously and hurriedly, and continuously and hurriedly busy hands are picking it up, facing, canceling, and working it. But it comes in irregular waves and it is impossible to pre-

taken from the many contact points and made to march down the line in order, else the continuous onflow will clog the process, bury some underneath, cause congestion, and block the machine, effecting disarrangement, disorder, delay, and loss.

As soon as these 3,000,000 pieces of mail each hour are dropped into our custody in numerous places as I have described, the work begins of collecting and centralizing it into vast deposits where clerks can begin the work of unraveling the miscellaneous mass, assorting it in accordance with the

destinations to which the pieces are addressed. I say the work begins, I should have said the work never ends. While there is a diminution of mail through the night, and even a cessation in some smaller post offices, yet in the larger centers activity in the post office never ceases.

Few of the great public realize what a mass of unsorted, woefully mixed and horribly addressed mail is at times heaped or dumped into the larger post offices. These piles of raw mail look absolutely staggering to the post office visitor. To the uninitiated and unskilled it would appear to be a week's task to bring order out of the chaos of a huge pile which our boys will do in two hours. It is an awful mixture.

In this pile a love missive destined to fly a thousand miles is mixed with the banker's check that is walking across the street. The wedding invitations and the divorce notices are slumbering together. The letters of millionaires are scrambled with the scribbles of paupers. The compositions of ignorance are crossing the literature of learning. The epistles of saints and sinners are rubbing together. Letters poorly "backed" are facing documents with printed addresses. These are all jammed, piled, heaped, crushed and scrambled together when some of the great rush hours of mailing are on. In a greater or less degree this situation recurs in all the post offices and postal stations repeatedly and repeatedly, constantly and unceasingly.

Certainly it requires a very high degree of collective and individual skill to reduce that mixed mass of mail speedily and accurately to such groupings that it can begin its various journeys starting on time and in the right direction. Here comes the danger of being "missent," that word you so hate to see stamped on letters in red ink. The clerks who do this separation are called distributors. They have to know the postal geography—the scheme of distribution, and know it by heart in order to be efficient. They are the "men behind," and are not always adequately appreciated by the public.

Unlocking a street letter box by a carrier to secure the mail is called "tapping" the box. As above stated, we have in this country about 200,000 of these boxes. The frequency with which they are tapped, and the time at which they are tapped, vary with the demand and the dispatch of mails. Every street letter box should have printed on it over the name of the postmaster the hours at which the box is tapped and the leading train connections thus made. Care must be taken to get all the mail from a box. One letter left means delay to someone. And care must be taken to keep these printed time cards up to date or the mailers will be misled.

One of the difficult tasks of our business in cities is to so schedule, lay out, or route the collection trucks and foot carriers as to minimize the time and mileage required and make the closest connection at the office or station before trains leave. We have experts in the Department who are at the service of you postmasters in assisting to perfect this phase of city service.

In accumulating the mail from the scattered public to the central post office or post-

al stations in the cities, the Department has never undertaken what is known as the "pick-up" system for parcel post, as is practiced by the express companies. Many persons are of the opinion that we should take on this service. It is one of the open questions now in the postal business. The argument in favor of it in addition to the obvious argument of accommodation to patrons is that we could thereby adjust our pick-up in such wise as to make the flow of mail into the post offices and postal stations more even, thus equalizing and steadying the work of the clerks.

* * *

Continuing the subject of how mail gets to the post office, I must add that 44,729 rural carriers are daily autoing, wagoning or muling mail from the residences of the most remote farmers in the country to the nearest post office. These post offices in the main are small, but yet there are some cities of considerable size having rural routes leading out therefrom, for instance, Denver, Colorado, has six rural routes. Even Chicago has two, Indianapolis has seventeen, and Atlanta, Georgia, eight. It is estimated that these rural carriers reach 31,698,700 patrons, and that every week day they collectively travel 1,270,746 miles.

In this process of assembling the fresh supply of mail from the public for dispatch we have in two cities and only two, New York and Boston, what is known as tube service. In New York we have about 27 miles connecting 25 postal stations with the general post office and the two big railroad systems. In Boston we have two short lines reaching from the post office to each of the two railroad systems. Tube service is a proven utility of conveyance for mail between properly selected points in selected cities where traffic congestion is retarding and disconnecting the mail and where the necessity for underground service to relieve traffic congestion is constantly pressing. The service makes more accurate train connections and keeps the flow of mail steady and even for the men to work. They are employed successfully in England and France, especially in their special delivery system.

With the fine effort that is being made to eliminate time and space between distant points by air flights, to be consistent, some effort would seem to be justified to eliminate long delays within the city itself. Tubes appear to be the only agency in sight looking toward such progress—not tubes to be installed promiscuously without regard, but scientifically placed where mathematical and financial computation proves their usefulness.

It may be interesting in our fancied sight-seeing bus to take a look at the mountain of bags, sacks and pouches which we have in the entire service. If collected together there would be 14,000,000 in this pile. If these bags, etc., were placed end to end, they would reach from Boston to San Francisco and return. Or, piled empty, flat, one on another, allowing only half an inch to a bag, it would make a pile 100 miles high. They are all in use at Christmas time, but during the slack seasons of the year, say February and March, only about half of them are active. The problem of storing these surplus bags, assorting and distribut-

ing them when needed, and repairing the holes and tears is no small responsibility. The Post Office Department has a mail bag factory at Washington in which it is manufacturing about 1,250,000 a year, and is repairing constantly at the rate of about 3,000,000 a year. Bags, sacks and pouches get rough treatment, too rough at times, I think, and are worn out quickly, too rough for their own good and too rough for the mail inside.

Many attempts have been made to devise better containers for conveying mail than in bags, but so far the old canvas bag has survived all experiments and controversies.

When our mail gets aboard the trains, a portion of it is "worked" still "finer," thus completing the scheme of distribution which is not fully completed in the post offices before it starts. The amount of work to be done to make this completion varies under various circumstances and at various times. Parcel post mail which does not bear a "special handling" 25 cent stamp is transported in storage cars which do not carry railway mail clerks, being filled full of bags. When these storage cars arrive at a point where the mail therein travels in different directions they are unloaded, the mail taken into terminal post offices in or near the railroad stations, reworked and reloaded. This consumes time and the consequent delay constitutes the main difference between the transportation of parcel post and the transportation of letter or newspaper mail. The clerks engaged in this railway mail service both those on trains and those in the railway terminal post offices number 21,992 and their aggregate daily travel is 2,255,176 miles. They are paid more than post office clerks.

As soon as the incoming mail is dumped on the post office tables, for distribution, again the clerks spring to the task of distributing it to the various carriers in the city or the station district as the case may be. Some mail, of course, is distributed to the post office boxes. The carrier takes his mail which has been distributed to his route, arranges it according to the order in which he covers his route, and starts out as quickly as possible. He is supposed to carry only mail weighing less than two pounds, and less than the size of an ordinary shoe carton, and at a total limit of 50 pounds to a trip.

The larger parcels of parcel post are delivered by trucks routed to districts, and one complete delivery per day is all that is guaranteed, those arriving in the morning, although in some instances, and particularly in the case of parcel post bearing a "special handling" stamp, there are two or more deliveries. Delivering air mail is undergoing some experiment. If it bears the special delivery stamp in addition to the air mail stamp, it is specially delivered, and without a special delivery stamp where air mail arrives after the last delivery in the afternoon, and it appears to be important, as it usually does, postmasters are specially delivering it where acceptable to the patrons, collecting ten cents for the special delivery as postage due.

Rural carriers, 44,729 in all, have not more than one delivery per day, and in some sections only one or two or three per week.

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A Personal Memory of Lincoln

Year by year those who have sat and talked with Abraham Lincoln become fewer—The human side of the great emancipator more marked as the details and incidents of his life are recalled by those who met him in the flesh

NEARLY seventy years ago, one winter day, a stagecoach well laden with mail, express parcels and passengers lumbered up to the door of a home in a western town, and lurched from side to side as the much bebundled driver checked his horses, and gazed with an expression of great importance from the height of his seat at the crowd who had gathered to witness the arrival of the "express." Before the wheels of the awkward vehicle had ceased turning, the door of the house before which it had halted opened and a troupe of children catapulted through the doorway into the arms of the distinguished appearing personage who had just alighted from the coach.

As the children were gleefully acclaiming their happiness at the return of their father, Richard Thomas, a well-known western attorney, from the sitting of court at a neighboring town, a dark, rugged, almost forbiddingly homely countenance appeared in the window of the stage. Then the man who owned the face turned to the fellow-passenger who had just alighted.

"That's all right, Dick," he declared. "There are a lot of little rascals at home who'll be glad to see me."

The eldest of the children who had capered out to meet their father regarded the image in the coach window with an expression almost of incredulity. It fascinated him. He watched as the driver gathered up his reins, took his foot off the brake, and with a swing of his whip set his horses once more into the swift, loping gait that bore the coach, surrounded by a cloud of dust, farther and farther from view. As it finally disappeared around a bend in the road, the curious youngster turned to his father.

"Who was that homely man?" he inquired.

His father smiled indulgently. "He is not homely," he replied, "at least, not always. When addressing a jury he is the handsomest man I ever saw. That, my son, is Abraham Lincoln, the greatest lawyer in the West."

That episode was H. T. Thomas' introduction to Abraham Lincoln, the frontier railsplitter and lawyer, who was later to challenge the attention of the nation and become the link in the chain of amity and understanding that, at the most crucial moment, was to unite the North and the South in a Union, henceforth, truly "one and indissoluble."

From that time on the boy followed the career of Mr. Lincoln with an interest more than approaching hero worship. One of his most congenial duties in those days was to assort and file his father's personal and business letters, and it was with little less than veneration that he regarded those with the familiar signature "A. Lincoln," written in a scrawling hand at the bottom of the sheet. He read and re-read those cherished possessions, which soon became as grand as Scripture in his boyish eyes. Those refreshing mementoes of the great-heartedness and good fellowship of the martyred President

he has kept to this very day—one of the many leaves in an ever enlarging "book of gold."

Young Thomas' father had often put before him, both in his words, and in his letters while the boy was attending boarding school, the



H. T. THOMAS

character of George Washington as a pattern, but when he saw his son's evident inclination to regard the rough-and-ready backwoodsman as his model, he lost no opportunity of holding the latter up to him in the same manner. And the boy was so enthusiastic over his hero, and the world's, that he followed with absorbing interest the unfolding of the drama which, in our own day, another hero worshipper, the English playwright John Drinkwater, has recorded and given the world in one of the most gripping plays that has ever met with its whole-hearted approval. He read, as it appeared, every line of the great debate of 1858—the debate that returned Douglas to the Senate and made Lincoln President.

After the nomination in 1860, being not only an ardent admirer, but an equally ardent politi-

cian—of fifteen years—the youthful Thomas expressed a desire to go to Springfield, thirty miles away, for the sole purpose of seeing Mr. Lincoln again. His father readily assented to the proposition, and his instructions for the great expedition were few and simple:

"Go to the State House," he said, "send your name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he will do the rest."

When the lad arrived at the Capitol, he intruded upon a scene that was one of the most gratifying and important in the life of the honest rail-splitter. A committee appointed by the National Convention had just notified Mr. Lincoln officially of his nomination. Yet, in the midst of this momentous occasion, the boy's idol was not too preoccupied to notice him.

Mr. H. T. Thomas tells the story of that meeting as follows:

"When I was announced he turned, and seeing a lad standing hesitating in the doorway, immediately left the group of notables, and came forward to greet me. As I repeated my name, his face lighted up.

"So this is Dick's boy," he exclaimed, at the same time putting his hand on my head in a way that left me feeling almost as important as the Senators.

"I was wearing on my watch chain, at the time, a small, gold-mounted axe, a maul, and a wedge, all made of black walnut from a genuine Lincoln rail, as duly attested by his sometime backwoods companion, John Hanks. These Mr. Lincoln took in his hand, making some pleasant remark about them, and about my being clearly a Republican who was not ashamed to show his colors. I mention this merely as evincing Mr. Lincoln's sympathetic nature, his close observation even of little things and his readiness to enter into the feelings of a boy he had never known, even in the midst of the great function the National Committee was there to perform, and of which he was the central figure.

"He stood chatting with me for several minutes, until again interrupted by the usher's voice announcing 'Dr. Small, of Chicago.' Whereupon there appeared upon the scene a very tall and exceptionally stout man.

"What name?" said Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand behind his ear and leaning forward expectantly.

"Dr. Small," announced the newcomer.

"Dr. Small," repeated Mr. Lincoln. "Very strange!" he continued. "The tallest man I ever knew was named 'Short,' and the shortest man I ever knew was named 'Long'—and there's a fellow down in Virginia whom they call 'Wise.' Come in, Dr. Small."

Mr. Lincoln then returned to the Committee and the boy stood by, side by side with Senators and Representatives, as the former country attorney proceeded to entertain them by exhibiting the numerous presents which admirers and friends from all parts of the country had sent him. With boyish admiration and awe he

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Name Your Favorite Radio Program

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hearty laughter and a smile. The routine of a day is not complete without turning on the radio. Some of us look forward to it as the real social hour. These hours, however, begin with the morning set-up exercises and continue with a schedule more elaborate than a B. & O. time table. The results justify Thomas Edison's classification of "good and bad, fair to middlin', sometimes excellent, oftentimes rotten."

The great problem presenting itself to every broadcasting station is a program that will impel radio fans to tune in and hold it for the longest possible time. They have their troubles with temperamental artists and erratic weather conditions, but the great thing is to know just what the people want to hear over the radio. There is no doubt as to a President's speech, a big prize fight and even the news of the day. But what will hold a radio fan riveted when he has tuned in at their station and will look forward to a program with a zest of attending a good play or having a social hour with friends? The omnipresent jazz, the operatic and classic programs, the old song hour, the dinner music, the addresses on all sorts of subjects, lost and found, announcements from the Secretary of the Treasury about Liberty Bonds—all these

and a wide variety of other topics have their place and hour.

WIN A CASH PRIZE WITH YOUR RADIO!

1. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM?

2. AND WHY?

These two questions best answered in five hundred words win the following prizes:

First: \$25.00, second prize \$20.00; ten prizes of \$3.00 each.

Send your answers to the Radio Contest Editor, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Prize winners will be announced in the December issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Editor.

In order to know just "what's what" and "who's who" in the radio realm, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is offering prizes to the readers that will send in the best five hun-

dred word description of their favorite radio program. In this way, we will be able to find out the reason why some things are popular and others have no attraction for the listeners tuning in. Cash prizes will be awarded and announced in the Christmas issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. This was the method adopted in the making of the books "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs."

Listen in for a week, and then just jot down your impressions of this or that program; then summarize it in a paragraph and tell why that particular program or feature has touched your heart or focused a supreme interest in "tuning in" at the hour that your favorite program is scheduled. What gives you a real thrill when the announcer rattles off the letters of his station?

It is hoped that all the family will contribute, from grandfather and grandmother to the tiniest tot in the household. The purpose is to find out as far as possible what feature interests and holds the largest number of people at the radio; and what has the most universal appeal from the standpoint of a real and genuine heart interest among all the people—the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us.

Making Helpfulness a Business

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up, a small group look down, but, thank God, in America we look into each other's eyes on the level of a common opportunity. In all history, there is nothing to compare with the success that has come to the emigrant and the alien among the masses. Every American boy and girl has a right to a high school education and to learn a trade.

In the years to come I can see a vision of America being pointed out as the country where there is not a child in poverty, where the helping hand is ever ready in the dark days of distress and calamity, where the kith and kin of humanity is recognized as the basic bond of union, where the people of every land are contributing to and recruiting the new race, which without severing entirely the Gordian knot of ancient lineage is building bigger, better and stronger the Americanism through the infusion of the energizing blood from all lands. Every American boy and girl is an inherent heir of opportunities that are made possible in the broadcasting of the initiative spirit which inspired the Morris Plan that has incorporated something of the ideals that impel us to do things without knowing the reason why, actuated by that sublime impulse of the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

How forcibly all this came to me a few years ago when I looked upon the very mountain where these words were spoken by the Master two thousand years ago! About me were scenes of squalor and distress, mothers with babes in their arms, with eyes filled with running sores and

covered with flies, pleading for help. Then when crawling through into the crypt of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on my hands and knees and in the light of a spluttering candle, amid the dank and damp of ages, I placed my hand on the very spot where the Cross of Calvary flashed through the ages the message of mercy, and the divinity of humanity.

* * *

Following are some illuminating excerpts from the Presidential address of Theodore Francis Green at the Eighth Annual Convention of the Morris Plan Bankers Association, held at Newport, R. I., September 26, 1927:

The Mayor of Newport has graciously welcomed you to this beautiful city by the sea. May I add that it is a peculiar gratification to the officers and directors of The Morris Plan Company of Rhode Island to have you visit Little Rhody, and to me personally comes the added satisfaction of ending the term of my presidency illuminated by the glory which your annual convention sheds. From the shores of the Pacific, the heights of the Rocky Mountains, the golden plains of the Middle West, the Sunny South, and rockbound New England you have come to exchange that most valuable of all commodities—*ideas*. Each land has something to learn from every other land; each state from every other state; each Morris Plan bank from every other Morris Plan bank. It is for this reason that on every occasion I have had of addressing you, I have emphasized the importance of Sectional Group Associations. I am glad to

report that they now cover the entire country.

Furthermore, anyone who has visited Germany or Italy cannot fail to be impressed with how much more the peoples banks are doing for the public there than here. The Morris Plan should keep the leadership it took at the start.

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In closing let me express my heartfelt thanks to you for all the kindnesses you have shown me, and for all the opportunities for pleasurable personal association I have enjoyed. These associations have been delightful—even with those from whom I have differed on questions of policy or even of principle. I shall always cherish these memories with gratitude and beg to command me if at any time you think I can render other service to this great movement you represent.

A Night with "The Merry Malones"

George Michael Cohan's newest song and dance show, a triumphal success of the season—Every sort of wholesome amusement blended in one rollicking night with George Cohan—Satire mingled with sentiment that is distinctly Cohanesque

HOW a sedate Boston audience did cheer George M. Cohan when he appeared in person in the first presentation of his newest song and dance show "The Merry Malones!" The old first-nighters were thrilled to the marrow; young people mellowed in the sweet and wholesome charm of the Cohanesque songs from the ensemble "Talk about a busy little household" on to the reprise No. 23. "The Merry Malones" is like love—difficult to define—but it leaves a mighty good feeling. The scope of this night at the theatre encompasses every phase of popular amusement, a touch of a melodrama, the real home drama, realism, idealism, and an opera bouffe reaching almost to the proportion of a Grand Opera, where the subtle satire of George Cohan is disclosed to the audience in a way that would make G. Bernard Shaw green with envy.

Unlike the usual musical show, the "Merry Malones" has cohesive purpose and a plot without a pretension. It is a composite of Cinderella and modern "Robinson Crusoe" with a touch of "Treasure Island." The two opening scenes reveal the billionaire Westcott's home and a plebian drug-store in the Bronx where the soda fountain invites thirst. The mystery unfolds when it is discovered that the son of the billionaire is missing. A reward is offered and the "detectives" get busy and broadcast their story with song and dance. A sharp contrast in scenes is covered in the first act, from the prosaic drug-store corner in the Bronx to the gay ballroom at the mansion of the exclusive Van Burens. The vocation of a "soda-fountain sheik" is glorified by the hero-lover. The chorus of the red-bearded "detectives" on the trail, singing the song of "Son of a Billionaire," had the rollicking measure of a Penzance chorus. The "Wandering Minstrel" does not wander far to catch the musical heart of the audience. One cannot describe a Cohan production by comparison—it is just George Cohan. The domestic affections are enthroned in song and dance. There is always a humanness apparent that makes the audience feel that they are present as one of the guests, now at Westcott's palatial home or in the Merry Malones' modest flat overlooking the corner drug store. The keen wit handed down by the descendants of an ancient King of Ireland fairly scintillate in the lines and the love duet "A feeling in your heart," as sung by George Cohan himself with Polly Walker, the piquant and most winsome Molly Malone herself, was something that touched the heart of every father and daughter and makes the lovers in

the audience move up a little closer to each other.

Why try to tell the story? "The Merry Malones" make a theatre ticket look like real value investment. The appearance of Mike Lake's "Yankee Doodle Band," gave



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a bit of a circus touch that completed the full rounded purpose of the author to have a cycle of all sorts of entertainment for one admission. In the song "I like coffee and you like tea," there was a suggestion that might soften the friction in many a domestic disagreement.

It would be impossible to conceive of a Cohan play without a tribute to his race, and it was George himself who sang "God's good to the Irish." A touch of tragedy intervened, due to the fact that Mr. Arthur Deagon, who was to have played John Malone, died suddenly the day before the opening night. This accounted for George Cohan's personal appearance in a part that he had created with the loving care of an admiring author.

The refrain of "Roses Understand," with its beautiful scenic setting will not soon be

forgotten, while "Blue Skies and Gray Skies" and the concluding love song "A little lady-like lady like you," must have set all the girls, young and old, athinking as to just what sort of "a little lady" their Prince Charming who was to appear later in their lives to fall in love with them.

Instead of the usual row of legs in a kicking chorus as a finale, Mr. Cohan closes the "Merry Malones" with a sweet little memory picture of the charming little Mary alone on the stage singing about herself and the dress in which she appeared "on Easter parade." Then the audience beginning humming the tunes and commenting enthusiastically, would seem to indicate that the Merry Malones are in for a long stay in good old Boston.

True to his promise made years ago, George Cohan has given Boston the first night, and even the first rights as it were, to witness his new productions, which this year includes "The Baby Cyclone." If the critics find fault with the "Merry Malones" after all the flops that have been foisted on the public as theatrical attractions in the past few years, God help them. We plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us, love and admire George Cohan for his tenacious hold upon what is wholesome, as the objective of a play at the theatre. It recalls the fact that George Michael Cohan, born in Providence, R. I., where he has built a wing to a hospital and shown other evidences of love for his native city, is first, last and all the time, a real American. What a thrill there was during the performance of the "Merry Malones" to hear the refrain of "Over There"—one song of the World War that will live. It had the same old kick in it, real music to the boys who wore the khaki. Then that touch of the old Portuguese hymn that seemed to herald the fact that there is no time when we are entirely away from the influences of religious life and our better natures, even in the hours of merriment and relaxation.

The ovation given to the author when he revealed that age has not stiffened the joints or cooled the ardor and youthful, fifty-year-old spirit of George Cohan. There was the same old kick and he even essayed to climb the side proscenium as usual, walking with the familiar wiggle and saucy shake of the head that has made him a familiar figure to the American theatre-goers.

At the mature age of nine he made his debut on the stage in 1887, as Daniel Boone. This initial appearance occurred in Haverstraw, N. J., and was followed by a long run in "Peck's Bad Boy." Since that time, Cohan productions have come thick and fast and must be included in a chronological rec-

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destinations to which the pieces are addressed. I say the work begins, I should have said the work never ends. While there is a diminution of mail through the night, and even a cessation in some smaller post offices, yet in the larger centers activity in the post office never ceases.

Few of the great public realize what a mass of unsorted, woefully mixed and horribly addressed mail is at times heaped or dumped into the larger post offices. These piles of raw mail look absolutely staggering to the post office visitor. To the uninitiated and unskilled it would appear to be a week's task to bring order out of the chaos of a huge pile which our boys will do in two hours. It is an awful mixture.

In this pile a love missive destined to fly a thousand miles is mixed with the banker's check that is walking across the street. The wedding invitations and the divorce notices are slumbering together. The letters of millionaires are scrambled with the scribbles of paupers. The compositions of ignorance are crossing the literature of learning. The epistles of saints and sinners are rubbing together. Letters poorly "backed" are facing documents with printed addresses. These are all jammed, piled, heaped, crushed and scrambled together when some of the great rush hours of mailing are on. In a greater or less degree this situation recurs in all the post offices and postal stations repeatedly and repeatedly, constantly and unceasingly.

Certainly it requires a very high degree of collective and individual skill to reduce that mixed mass of mail speedily and accurately to such groupings that it can begin its various journeys starting on time and in the right direction. Here comes the danger of being "missent," that word you so hate to see stamped on letters in red ink. The clerks who do this separation are called distributors. They have to know the postal geography—the scheme of distribution, and know it by heart in order to be efficient. They are the "men behind," and are not always adequately appreciated by the public.

Unlocking a street letter box by a carrier to secure the mail is called "tapping" the box. As above stated, we have in this country about 200,000 of these boxes. The frequency with which they are tapped, and the time at which they are tapped, vary with the demand and the dispatch of mails. Every street letter box should have printed on it over the name of the postmaster the hours at which the box is tapped and the leading train connections thus made. Care must be taken to get all the mail from a box. One letter left means delay to someone. And care must be taken to keep these printed time cards up to date or the mailers will be misled.

One of the difficult tasks of our business in cities is to so schedule, lay out, or route the collection trucks and foot carriers as to minimize the time and mileage required and make the closest connection at the office or station before trains leave. We have experts in the Department who are at the service of you postmasters in assisting to perfect this phase of city service.

In accumulating the mail from the scattered public to the central post office or post-

al stations in the cities, the Department has never undertaken what is known as the "pick-up" system for parcel post, as is practiced by the express companies. Many persons are of the opinion that we should take on this service. It is one of the open questions now in the postal business. The argument in favor of it in addition to the obvious argument of accommodation to patrons is that we could thereby adjust our pick-up in such wise as to make the flow of mail into the post offices and postal stations more even, thus equalizing and steadying the work of the clerks.

* * *

Continuing the subject of how mail gets to the post office, I must add that 44,729 rural carriers are daily autoing, wagoning or muling mail from the residences of the most remote farmers in the country to the nearest post office. These post offices in the main are small, but yet there are some cities of considerable size having rural routes leading out therefrom, for instance, Denver, Colorado, has six rural routes. Even Chicago has two, Indianapolis has seventeen, and Atlanta, Georgia, eight. It is estimated that these rural carriers reach 31,698,700 patrons, and that every week day they collectively travel 1,270,746 miles.

In this process of assembling the fresh supply of mail from the public for dispatch we have in two cities and only two, New York and Boston, what is known as tube service. In New York we have about 27 miles connecting 25 postal stations with the general post office and the two big railroad systems. In Boston we have two short lines reaching from the post office to each of the two railroad systems. Tube service is a proven utility of conveyance for mail between properly selected points in selected cities where traffic congestion is retarding and disconnecting the mail and where the necessity for underground service to relieve traffic congestion is constantly pressing. The service makes more accurate train connections and keeps the flow of mail steady and even for the men to work. They are employed successfully in England and France, especially in their special delivery system.

With the fine effort that is being made to eliminate time and space between distant points by air flights, to be consistent, some effort would seem to be justified to eliminate long delays within the city itself. Tubes appear to be the only agency in sight looking toward such progress—not tubes to be installed promiscuously without regard, but scientifically placed where mathematical and financial computation proves their usefulness.

It may be interesting in our fancied sight-seeing bus to take a look at the mountain of bags, sacks and pouches which we have in the entire service. If collected together there would be 14,000,000 in this pile. If these bags, etc., were placed end to end, they would reach from Boston to San Francisco and return. Or, piled empty, flat, one on another, allowing only half an inch to a bag, it would make a pile 100 miles high. They are all in use at Christmas time, but during the slack seasons of the year, say February and March, only about half of them are active. The problem of storing these surplus bags, assorting and distribut-

ing them when needed, and repairing the holes and tears is no small responsibility. The Post Office Department has a mail bag factory at Washington in which it is manufacturing about 1,250,000 a year, and is repairing constantly at the rate of about 3,000,000 a year. Bags, sacks and pouches get rough treatment, too rough at times, I think, and are worn out quickly, too rough for their own good and too rough for the mail inside.

Many attempts have been made to devise better containers for conveying mail than in bags, but so far the old canvas bag has survived all experiments and controversies.

When our mail gets aboard the trains, a portion of it is "worked" still "finer," thus completing the scheme of distribution which is not fully completed in the post offices before it starts. The amount of work to be done to make this completion varies under various circumstances and at various times. Parcel post mail which does not bear a "special handling" 25 cent stamp is transported in storage cars which do not carry railway mail clerks, being filled full of bags. When these storage cars arrive at a point where the mail therein travels in different directions they are unloaded, the mail taken into terminal post offices in or near the railroad stations, reworked and reloaded. This consumes time and the consequent delay constitutes the main difference between the transportation of parcel post and the transportation of letter or newspaper mail. The clerks engaged in this railway mail service both those on trains and those in the railway terminal post offices number 21,992 and their aggregate daily travel is 2,255,176 miles. They are paid more than post office clerks.

As soon as the incoming mail is dumped on the post office tables, for distribution, again the clerks spring to the task of distributing it to the various carriers in the city or the station district as the case may be. Some mail, of course, is distributed to the post office boxes. The carrier takes his mail which has been distributed to his route, arranges it according to the order in which he covers his route, and starts out as quickly as possible. He is supposed to carry only mail weighing less than two pounds, and less than the size of an ordinary shoe carton, and at a total limit of 50 pounds to a trip.

The larger parcels of parcel post are delivered by trucks routed to districts, and one complete delivery per day is all that is guaranteed, those arriving in the morning, although in some instances, and particularly in the case of parcel post bearing a "special handling" stamp, there are two or more deliveries. Delivering air mail is undergoing some experiment. If it bears the special delivery stamp in addition to the air mail stamp, it is specially delivered, and without a special delivery stamp where air mail arrives after the last delivery in the afternoon, and it appears to be important, as it usually does, postmasters are specially delivering it where acceptable to the patrons, collecting ten cents for the special delivery as postage due.

Rural carriers, 44,729 in all, have not more than one delivery per day, and in some sections only one or two or three per week.

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A Personal Memory of Lincoln

Year by year those who have sat and talked with Abraham Lincoln become fewer—The human side of the great emancipator more marked as the details and incidents of his life are recalled by those who met him in the flesh

NEARLY seventy years ago, one winter day, a stagecoach well laden with mail, express parcels and passengers lumbered up to the door of a home in a western town, and lurched from side to side as the much bebundled driver checked his horses, and gazed with an expression of great importance from the height of his seat at the crowd who had gathered to witness the arrival of the "express." Before the wheels of the awkward vehicle had ceased turning, the door of the house before which it had halted opened and a troupe of children catapulted through the doorway into the arms of the distinguished appearing personage who had just alighted from the coach.

As the children were gleefully acclaiming their happiness at the return of their father, Richard Thomas, a well-known western attorney, from the sitting of court at a neighboring town, a dark, rugged, almost forbiddingly homely countenance appeared in the window of the stage. Then the man who owned the face turned to the fellow-passenger who had just alighted.

"That's all right, Dick," he declared. "There are a lot of little rascals at home who'll be glad to see me."

The eldest of the children who had capered out to meet their father regarded the image in the coach window with an expression almost of incredulity. It fascinated him. He watched as the driver gathered up his reins, took his foot off the brake, and with a swing of his whip set his horses once more into the swift, loping gait that bore the coach, surrounded by a cloud of dust, farther and farther from view. As it finally disappeared around a bend in the road, the curious youngster turned to his father.

"Who was that homely man?" he inquired.

His father smiled indulgently. "He is not homely," he replied, "at least, not always. When addressing a jury he is the handsomest man I ever saw. That, my son, is Abraham Lincoln, the greatest lawyer in the West."

That episode was H. T. Thomas' introduction to Abraham Lincoln, the frontier railsplitter and lawyer, who was later to challenge the attention of the nation and become the link in the chain of amity and understanding that, at the most crucial moment, was to unite the North and the South in a Union, henceforth, truly "one and indissoluble."

From that time on the boy followed the career of Mr. Lincoln with an interest more than approaching hero worship. One of his most congenial duties in those days was to assort and file his father's personal and business letters, and it was with little less than veneration that he regarded those with the familiar signature "A. Lincoln," written in a scrawling hand at the bottom of the sheet. He read and re-read those cherished possessions, which soon became as grand as Scripture in his boyish eyes. Those refreshing mementoes of the great-heartedness and good fellowship of the martyred President

he has kept to this very day—one of the many leaves in an ever enlarging "book of gold."

Young Thomas' father had often put before him, both in his words, and in his letters while the boy was attending boarding school, the



H. T. THOMAS

character of George Washington as a pattern, but when he saw his son's evident inclination to regard the rough-and-ready backwoodsman as his model, he lost no opportunity of holding the latter up to him in the same manner. And the boy was so enthusiastic over his hero, and the world's, that he followed with absorbing interest the unfolding of the drama which, in our own day, another hero worshipper, the English playwright John Drinkwater, has recorded and given the world in one of the most gripping plays that has ever met with its whole-hearted approval. He read, as it appeared, every line of the great debate of 1858—the debate that returned Douglas to the Senate and made Lincoln President.

After the nomination in 1860, being not only an ardent admirer, but an equally ardent politi-

cian—of fifteen years—the youthful Thomas expressed a desire to go to Springfield, thirty miles away, for the sole purpose of seeing Mr. Lincoln again. His father readily assented to the proposition, and his instructions for the great expedition were few and simple:

"Go to the State House," he said, "send your name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he will do the rest."

When the lad arrived at the Capitol, he intruded upon a scene that was one of the most gratifying and important in the life of the honest rail-splitter. A committee appointed by the National Convention had just notified Mr. Lincoln officially of his nomination. Yet, in the midst of this momentous occasion, the boy's idol was not too preoccupied to notice him.

Mr. H. T. Thomas tells the story of that meeting as follows:

"When I was announced he turned, and seeing a lad standing hesitating in the doorway, immediately left the group of notables, and came forward to greet me. As I repeated my name, his face lighted up.

"So this is Dick's boy," he exclaimed, at the same time putting his hand on my head in a way that left me feeling almost as important as the Senators.

"I was wearing on my watch chain, at the time, a small, gold-mounted axe, a maul, and a wedge, all made of black walnut from a genuine Lincoln rail, as duly attested by his sometime backwoods companion, John Hanks. These Mr. Lincoln took in his hand, making some pleasant remark about them, and about my being clearly a Republican who was not ashamed to show his colors. I mention this merely as evincing Mr. Lincoln's sympathetic nature, his close observation even of little things and his readiness to enter into the feelings of a boy he had never known, even in the midst of the great function the National Committee was there to perform, and of which he was the central figure.

"He stood chatting with me for several minutes, until again interrupted by the usher's voice announcing 'Dr. Small, of Chicago.' Whereupon there appeared upon the scene a very tall and exceptionally stout man.

"What name?" said Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand behind his ear and leaning forward expectantly.

"Dr. Small," announced the newcomer.

"Dr. Small," repeated Mr. Lincoln. "Very strange!" he continued. "The tallest man I ever knew was named 'Short,' and the shortest man I ever knew was named 'Long'—and there's a fellow down in Virginia whom they call 'Wise.' Come in, Dr. Small."

Mr. Lincoln then returned to the Committee and the boy stood by, side by side with Senators and Representatives, as the former country attorney proceeded to entertain them by exhibiting the numerous presents which admirers and friends from all parts of the country had sent him. With boyish admiration and awe he

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Name Your Favorite Radio Program

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hearty laughter and a smile. The routine of a day is not complete without turning on the radio. Some of us look forward to it as the real social hour. These hours, however, begin with the morning set-up exercises and continue with a schedule more elaborate than a B. & O. time table. The results justify Thomas Edison's classification of "good and bad, fair to middlin', sometimes excellent, oftentimes rotten."

The great problem presenting itself to every broadcasting station is a program that will impel radio fans to tune in and hold it for the longest possible time. They have their troubles with temperamental artists and erratic weather conditions, but the great thing is to know just what the people want to hear over the radio. There is no doubt as to a President's speech, a big prize fight and even the news of the day. But what will hold a radio fan riveted when he has tuned in at their station and will look forward to a program with a zest of attending a good play or having a social hour with friends? The omnipresent jazz, the operatic and classic programs, the old song hour, the dinner music, the addresses on all sorts of subjects, lost and found, announcements from the Secretary of the Treasury about Liberty Bonds—all these

and a wide variety of other topics have their place and hour.

WIN A CASH PRIZE WITH YOUR RADIO!

1. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM?

2. AND WHY?

These two questions best answered in five hundred words win the following prizes:

First: \$25.00, second prize \$20.00; ten prizes of \$3.00 each.

Send your answers to the Radio Contest Editor, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Prize winners will be announced in the December issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Editor.

In order to know just "what's what" and "who's who" in the radio realm, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is offering prizes to the readers that will send in the best five hun-

dred word description of their favorite radio program. In this way, we will be able to find out the reason why some things are popular and others have no attraction for the listeners tuning in. Cash prizes will be awarded and announced in the Christmas issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. This was the method adopted in the making of the books "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs."

Listen in for a week, and then just jot down your impressions of this or that program; then summarize it in a paragraph and tell why that particular program or feature has touched your heart or focused a supreme interest in "tuning in" at the hour that your favorite program is scheduled. What gives you a real thrill when the announcer rattles off the letters of his station?

It is hoped that all the family will contribute, from grandfather and grandmother to the tiniest tot in the household. The purpose is to find out as far as possible what feature interests and holds the largest number of people at the radio; and what has the most universal appeal from the standpoint of a real and genuine heart interest among all the people—the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us.

Making Helpfulness a Business

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up, a small group look down, but, thank God, in America we look into each other's eyes on the level of a common opportunity. In all history, there is nothing to compare with the success that has come to the emigrant and the alien among the masses. Every American boy and girl has a right to a high school education and to learn a trade.

In the years to come I can see a vision of America being pointed out as the country where there is not a child in poverty, where the helping hand is ever ready in the dark days of distress and calamity, where the kith and kin of humanity is recognized as the basic bond of union, where the people of every land are contributing to and recruiting the new race, which without severing entirely the Gordian knot of ancient lineage is building bigger, better and stronger the Americanism through the infusion of the energizing blood from all lands. Every American boy and girl is an inherent heir of opportunities that are made possible in the broadcasting of the initiative spirit which inspired the Morris Plan that has incorporated something of the ideals that impel us to do things without knowing the reason why, actuated by that sublime impulse of the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

How forcibly all this came to me a few years ago when I looked upon the very mountain where these words were spoken by the Master two thousand years ago! About me were scenes of squalor and distress, mothers with babes in their arms, with eyes filled with running sores and

covered with flies, pleading for help. Then when crawling through into the crypt of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on my hands and knees and in the light of a spluttering candle, amid the dank and damp of ages, I placed my hand on the very spot where the Cross of Calvary flashed through the ages the message of mercy, and the divinity of humanity.

* * *

Following are some illuminating excerpts from the Presidential address of Theodore Francis Green at the Eighth Annual Convention of the Morris Plan Bankers Association, held at Newport, R. I., September 26, 1927:

The Mayor of Newport has graciously welcomed you to this beautiful city by the sea. May I add that it is a peculiar gratification to the officers and directors of The Morris Plan Company of Rhode Island to have you visit Little Rhody, and to me personally comes the added satisfaction of ending the term of my presidency illuminated by the glory which your annual convention sheds. From the shores of the Pacific, the heights of the Rocky Mountains, the golden plains of the Middle West, the Sunny South, and rockbound New England you have come to exchange that most valuable of all commodities—*ideas*. Each land has something to learn from every other land; each state from every other state; each Morris Plan bank from every other Morris Plan bank. It is for this reason that on every occasion I have had of addressing you, I have emphasized the importance of Sectional Group Associations. I am glad to

report that they now cover the entire country.

Furthermore, anyone who has visited Germany or Italy cannot fail to be impressed with how much more the peoples banks are doing for the public there than here. The Morris Plan should keep the leadership it took at the start.

Our past history is full of lamentable failures to come together. May I offer an illustration to drive home this point. I have just returned from a series of visits in Germany. It was hard for me to decide to go, for I had opposed Germany and all that she stood for in the Great War, heart and soul. Still, the war was over long ago. Our countries are at peace. We must look to the future. I visited the old friends in old familiar places, and was made to feel that I was welcome again, and I was glad to be there again. As a climax I was one of the few foreign guests of the University of Marburg at its glorious celebration of the 400th anniversary of its founding. How easy it would have been on either side to have built up an argument why we should not meet together as friends!

In closing let me express my heartfelt thanks to you for all the kindnesses you have shown me, and for all the opportunities for pleasurable personal association I have enjoyed. These associations have been delightful—even with those from whom I have differed on questions of policy or even of principle. I shall always cherish these memories with gratitude and beg to command me if at any time you think I can render other service to this great movement you represent.

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forgotten, while "Blue Skies and Gray Skies" and the concluding love song "A little lady-like lady like you," must have set all the girls, young and old, athinking as to just what sort of "a little lady" their Prince Charming who was to appear later in their lives to fall in love with them.

Instead of the usual row of legs in a kicking chorus as a finale, Mr. Cohan closes the "Merry Malones" with a sweet little memory picture of the charming little Mary alone on the stage singing about herself and the dress in which she appeared "on Easter parade." Then the audience beginning humming the tunes and commenting enthusiastically, would seem to indicate that the Merry Malones are in for a long stay in good old Boston.

True to his promise made years ago, George Cohan has given Boston the first night, and even the first rights as it were, to witness his new productions, which this year includes "The Baby Cyclone." If the critics find fault with the "Merry Malones" after all the flops that have been foisted on the public as theatrical attractions in the past few years, God help them. We plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us, love and admire George Cohan for his tenacious hold upon what is wholesome, as the objective of a play at the theatre. It recalls the fact that George Michael Cohan, born in Providence, R. I., where he has built a wing to a hospital and shown other evidences of love for his native city, is first, last and all the time, a real American. What a thrill there was during the performance of the "Merry Malones" to hear the refrain of "Over There"—one song of the World War that will live. It had the same old kick in it, real music to the boys who wore the khaki. Then that touch of the old Portuguese hymn that seemed to herald the fact that there is no time when we are entirely away from the influences of religious life and our better natures, even in the hours of merriment and relaxation.

The ovation given to the author when he revealed that age has not stiffened the joints or cooled the ardor and youthful, fifty-year-old spirit of George Cohan. There was the same old kick and he even essayed to climb the side proscenium as usual, walking with the familiar wiggle and saucy shake of the head that has made him a familiar figure to the American theatre-goers.

At the mature age of nine he made his debut on the stage in 1887, as Daniel Boone. This initial appearance occurred in Haverstraw, N. J., and was followed by a long run in "Peck's Bad Boy." Since that time, Cohan productions have come thick and fast and must be included in a chronological rec-

Continued on page 90

Tickleweed and Feathers

"TONSORIAL" ARTIST

An advertisement in the columns of a newspaper published in India may be of interest: "Mahomedsman, haircutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited."

The funeral of the late Emperor of Japan cost \$2,000,000, which is another evidence that living is cheaper in the Orient.

—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

"The last time you saw him he was up to his neck in Florida real estate, eh?"

"Yes—he had just fallen into a marsh and was yelling for help."—Boston Globe.

AMBITION—PLUS

A burglar trying to pick one of the locks of the Panama Canal.

NOW WHAT?

"Son, don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"I agree with you, father, but what in the world would I do with any moss?"
—The Boston Globe.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Chivalry is the painless method man uses to face the inevitable and let the wife have her own way.

Among the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a poor memory.

THE BETTER BOXER

She—What is the object in kissing, anyway?

He—My object is you.

HAD FIGURED ALL RIGHT

Mary—Have you ever figured in any gripping situations?

Mary—O, been hugged a few times.

GOB HUMOR

Reb, the cook, says women are just like flowers—when they fade they dye.
—Altair Fixit.

ASK DADDY AND CHARLIE

The most fragile and costliest thing when broken is the feminine heart.—*Wall Street Journal*.

SHE NAILED HIM

"He thought he would get by with it, but his wife nailed him."

"Yes, I understand she scratched him up quite a bit."—*Boston Globe*.

A HOT MEDIUM

"She's a hot medium, I hear."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes—she raises Cain and the Devil 'most every night."

She—Women's minds are so much cleaner than men's.

He—Yeh! Because they change them so often.

The girl too homely for the beauty shops to help can still achieve beauty by breaking into the news as a bandit.—*The Boston Herald*.



This cartoon was transmitted by Telephotography, showing how this wonderful new development in the science of communication is proving an aid to newspapers

COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM IT

Arthur and Evangelina were climbing the highest peak of the Alps, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What," he gasped—"what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."

HER IDEA OF IT

A little girl, when asked by her teacher to distinguish between the human and the animal families, replied:

"A brute is an imperfect beast: man is a perfect beast."

IT DEPENDS ON THE APPETITE

Stout Lady (watching the lions being fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sech a big animal."

Attendant (with show of politeness)—"I s'pose it does seem like a little meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary.

Simmons—He did, but I wouldn't accept the position because I should have to sign everything Green, per Simmons.

BAD FOR ACTORS

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian.

"Take my advice and don't," replied the villain. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

"And," concluded the Sunday School teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not much," said Tommy. "I had one of them things put on a tooth onct."

HIS CURIOSITY SATISFIED

Mr. Wayback—Be yew the waiter?

Waiter—Yes, suh.

Mr. Wayback—Dew yew know, I've been a-wonderin' all along why they called these places chop houses. I know now. Will you please bring me an ax? I want tew cut this steak.

Husband—Wife, dear, may I go out—

Wife—Sit down and be quiet!

Husband—But, dear, I must go out to call—

Wife—Shut up!

Husband—Very well—I just wanted to call the police, the house is full of burglars.

—The Brown Jug.

MORE QUANTITY THAN QUALITY

"An' you were at MacDougal's last night—what kind o' mahn is he?"

"Leebral wi' his whisky, but the quality o' it's that indeefrent I verra near left some in my glass!"

THE WOMAN WAS LUCKY

"This paper," said the man with a red nose, "tells about a horse runnin' away with a woman, and she was laid up six weeks."

"That ain't so worse," commented his listener. "A friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years."

Fussy Diner—What do you call this?

Polite Waiter—That's bean soup, sir.

Fussy Diner—Well, take it away and bring me something that is now.

NOT A LITERARY PURIST

Literary style, according to some critics, is unimportant. But isn't it? Here is an essay by a boy of nine on Oliver Cromwell:

"Cromwell was a wicked man and killed lots of men. He had a nose of copper hew, under which dwelt a truly religious soul."

Her voice holds thousands

In awed raptures.

Her voice sounds like a lark,

Trilling at early morn,

Like the fluting notes

Of the Pipes of Pan,

Like the soft melody

Of a tiny waterfall,

Like the tender strains

Of a fine old violin—

Her name is

Maggie Tavernskynumskiowski.

—Jack-o-lantern.

TAKING 'EM IN TURN

"Why do you get the pretty girls jobs first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer, and then there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."

FOOZLING HIS APPROACH

"Maggie," said Jock, whose mind was made up to propose—and after they had talked about everything else for the last hour—"wasna I here on Sawbith nicht?"

"Aye, Jock, I dare say ye were."

"And wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"And I was here on Tuesday nicht?"

"Aye, ye did happen here on Tuesday nicht."

"And I was here on Wednesday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were, Jock; so ye were."

"And I was here on Thursday nicht?"

"I'll no deny that ye were, Jock."

"And I was here on Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinking that's so."

"Aye, this is Saturday nicht, and I'm here again."

"Weel, what for no? Ye are vera welcome."

"Maggie," desperately, "d'ye no begin to smell a rat?"

SOCIABILITY

The mosquito is a sociable chap—he gives everybody a bite and a swell time afterward.

A HARD STRUGGLE

"Is a ventriloquist a person who throws his voice?" asked Mr. Barry.

"So to speak."

"Well, we've got one next door. She hasn't thrown it yet, but she is giving it a terrible struggle."

SHOULD HAVE ASKED THE HEN

"See here, Rastus," complained the new arrival at the hotel, "do you mean to tell me that this egg is fresh?"

"It was when hit was laid, suh," replied the waiter.

"And when was that, pray?" demanded the guest.

"Ah dunno, boss," replied Rastus. "Dis year is mah first season at dis yere hotel, suh, and, therefoah Ah cain't tell."

Judge—What is your name?

Negro—George Washin'ton, sah.

Judge—Are you the man who chopped down the cherry tree?

Negro—No sah, jedge, I ain't done a stitch of work for more'n three years.

—Jack-o-lantern.

A WHOPPER

He was a modest angler. Silently he had listened to the campers tell of the big ones they had caught, some of them tremendous fellows. Then by and by they asked him if he had distinguished himself that day by the taking of one worth mentioning.

"Only one," he said. "And the river fell six inches when I landed him."

Whereupon the symposium adjourned to the bunk.

A MAN OF FEELING

T. S. writes that while entertaining a male friend one evening his little boy who had been sent to bed began to behave badly. Determined to stop the youngster's bawling, T. S. grasped a pussy-willow switch from a vase on the table and began to strip off the "pussies." Whereupon the guest remarked: "Better leave on the shock absorbers, old man."

POOR FORM

Lady (to country storekeeper)—Have you anything in the shape of wash boards?

Storekeeper—Nothing but spareribs, ma'am.

—Pitt Panther.

Statistician—Does the government suit you?

Farmer—Pretty well, but I'd like to see more rain.

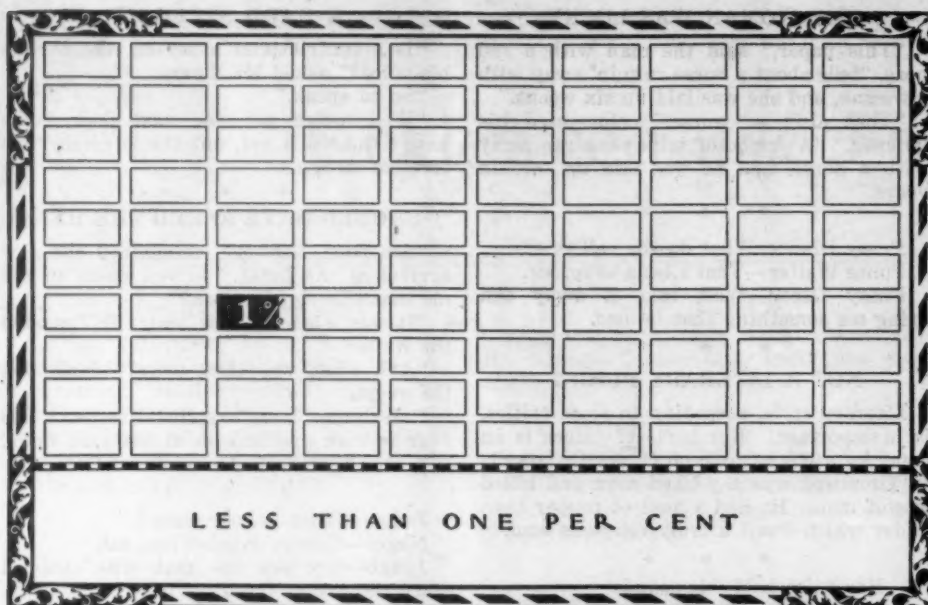
"Just think, three thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year."

"Isn't it wonderful that they can train animals to do such work!"

—Juggler.

Beal—How did my son carry on the business while I was gone?

Clerk—Oh, he carried on all right, but he forgot the business.



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the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

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The company is owned by more than 420,000 people, with stockholders in every section of the United States. It, in turn, owns 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell System which give telephone service in every state in the Union, making a national service nationally owned.

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the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are the largest single body of stockholders in the world and they represent every vital activity in the nation's life, from laborer and unskilled worker to wealthy and influential executive. Although the telephone was one of the greatest inventions of an age of large fortunes, no one ever made a great fortune from it—in fact, there are not any "telephone fortunes." The Bell Telephone System is owned by the American people. It is operated in the interest of the telephone users.

A Night with "The Merry Malones"

Continued from page 87

ord of successes on Broadway, since he produced his first play "The Wise Guy," in 1904.

The annual output of popular songs and productions by George Cohan are a reflection of the thoughts and emotions uppermost in the minds of the people in his day and generation. A keen observer, he has not neglected an opportunity to record the real sentiment as well as the fancies and foibles of his time. We can well conceive children yet unborn asking a doting father or grandmother just how it felt to see and

hear a Cohan play in the original. There will be many revivals of Cohan productions long after this generation has passed on to the great majority, for there is something about George Cohan that appeals to the average American. While much of his fame may rest upon his popular songs, there is a wide range of dancing in his usual stage productions that makes one realize that basically—music is motion. The creator of the dance is identified with certain phases of music. George M. Cohan has glorified the song and dance as one of the essential and necessary phases of popular amusement, for if there is anything that the average American does love it is action, rhythmicity, the poetry of motion, whether it be in

whirring wheels of industry, aviation, in the clicking of heels, in buck and wing, or the graceful measures of the ballet. There must be something lifelike, moving faster and faster, tempo ever-increasing, to satisfy the American in work or play. In this, we can safely assume that the Cohan pace meets the exactions of the times.

As I left the theatre, I felt like greeting George Cohan and the "Merry Malones" with the jolly old toast "May you live long and prosper," with a readiness to accept the hospitable invitation to "Come Again" that radiates in the eyes of Mrs. Malone as she sings the praises of her daughter Molly, the belle of the Bronx.

The Grand Old Naturalist of Florida

Continued from page 76

good health, and a glorious means to material livelihood. The parasites on his trees arouse his utmost scorn. He even insists that concentration on work and love of work should be added, for success; and then, he thinks, all troubles and worries in life will automatically take care of themselves. He himself started to work at twelve, and there's no cessation in sight.

Hale, hearty, healthy and happy, is this man of eighty-one. Up at early morn, he is out working all day on his beautiful, sun-swept estate, except probably for several hours a week when business matters or writing tasks intervene. He says he is going to wear out, not rust out.

A Memory of Lincoln

Continued from page 85

watched the great-souled nominee for the office of President as he displayed the miniature log cabins, flatboats, log chains—cut from single pieces of wood—wedges for splitting rails, and axes galore. One of the latter, enormous in size, Mr. Lincoln took by the extreme end of the helve, and raising it slowly to a horizontal position, held it steadily at arm's length. Then lowering it gently to the floor, he challenged anyone present to match the feat, remarking, when there was no response, "I guess I'm the only rail-splitter in the crowd."

These youthful reminiscences of Mr. H. T. Thomas related above portray again the great-hearted, ruggedly beautiful character of the Civil War President who was never too busy to see anyone, and who, in the press of official business, in the midst of important public characters and close political friends and advisers, could put himself out to stroll with and entertain an unknown boy, simply because he was a boy and among strangers, and, as Mr. Thomas reminds us, this on the eve of his impending combat with Douglas at Freeport, the crowning one of the Great Debate!

Stories of Abraham Lincoln are always in order, and these anecdotes of Mr. Thomas' come with the freshness of the recollections of youthful days. They have the touch for which lovers of the martyred President—and what Americans worthy of the name are not lovers of this good and true character—cherish his mementoes. The world is hungry for more of Lincoln.

NO ACCIDENT MONTH



Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 10 of a Series

Where safety was contagious

WORKMEN, right off the job, were sitting round a table discussing ways and means to reduce the number of accidents.

Their safety director was getting the men to tell just what they thought should be done. And as they talked, these workmen became enthusiastic, alive with interest. Safety began to assume a new interest. Moreover, it began to dawn upon them that they, personally, had a greater responsibility than they had before realized.

That was what the safety director was trying to drive home. So he made his point when he said to those men: "The only way we are going to get rid of accidents is for you men to get behind our 'No Accident' campaign, and put it across. We can't make a lot of rules and regulations, and get away with it. So, I'm going to put it up to you. What do you say?"

To those workmen, the "What do you say?" was a challenge, and they accepted it as such.

The next day 900 men working in a steel mill adopted the slogan "No accident month." Thus the Zanesville, Ohio, plant of The American Rolling Mill Company was bending every effort to write into industrial history a clear record of thirty-one days without a single accident.

And well did they succeed! The record of those men is in truth an industrial achievement.

But the campaign was not confined within the walls of industry. These men, imbued with the spirit that knows no defeat, carried the "No Accident" slogan into their homes.

And so the spirit spread throughout the community—store, church, school, farm. Wherever one went, wherever one looked, there were heard and seen those words of caution, "Be careful."

The last week of the "No Accident" campaign found all Zanesville and its community imbued with the spirit of safety. And, like a good deed that knows no end, the work went on and on. Other communities caught the spirit and took up the fight to make life safe.

Thus was made evident the wisdom of the safety director who said, "The only way we are going to get rid of accidents is for you men to put it across."

Armco in its more than twenty years has learned the value of men who will accept responsibility and carry through. In its ranks are men who are faithful, loyal, conscientious. To them the making of a product carries with it a definite responsibility. In this spirit they "carry through."

Such is the organization behind ARMCO Ingot Iron, a durable, long-lasting iron.

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Aviation Gossip for the Air-Minded

Continued from page 62

fect alignment and keeping his letters in legible shape, he twists and turns two miles above the earth, guiding the ship to hang a sign in the sky that can be easily read by thousands of people staring up from the streets below him.

Not only must the sign be perfectly legible, but it must be written reversed as it would appear in a mirror, so that the man in the street can read it correctly from below.

While the story is being written in smoke the plane is kept flying at a rated speed of 125 miles per hour.

All communications between headquarters and the several operating units in the field are effected by telegrams. Letters are too slow.

Time is truly "of the essence" in this new and spectacular vocation.

Aviation has had such a tremendous expansion lately that accidents have seemed to multiply. This is not so. The ratio of deaths to flying time is always getting better.

Fog has taken its toll and so have faulty motors, but even so, since the Army has scrapped the old time Jenny of beloved memory, pilots are becoming more matter of

fact about flying. In fact, they are a bit too foolhardy in many cases.

I've noticed a tendency to fly too low at too long periods of time. This is just the same as taking a small power boat—starting at Maine and sailing down to Florida, keeping about 100 yards off shore. Every sailor knows that safety lies in sea room; so that in case of motor failure there is room to claw off a lee shore.

So, an air sailor must have air room in order to pick a safe landing place to which he can glide in case of motor trouble.

Charlie Lawrance, the President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, is perhaps the greatest man in the aviation world today. His is the driving force and inspiration of his organization. As all the world knows, his wonderful Wright Whirlwind motor lifted us from a doubtful second place in world aeronautics to our present unquestioned supremacy in the air.

When Colonel Lindbergh and Clarence Chamberlin were being showered with acclaim the world over, some one asked Charlie Lawrance why he wasn't coming in on some of these honors and glories.

"Oh, that's all right," said Charlie, "who knows the name of Paul Revere's horse?"

This has been a busy month. Out in

Spokane the air derby has just been completed. Small, low powered planes left Roosevelt Field early Monday morning, the 19th of September to fly to Spokane. Tuesday morning, faster, higher powered planes took off on the same course with fewer stops.

On Wednesday the non-stop entries lined up at the starting line. Eddie Stinson flying a new Detroit monoplane and carrying 425 gallons of gasoline and a mechanic and Duke Schiller from Canada, flying the Royal Windsor. This was also a Detroit monoplane and was entered by the Border Chamber of Commerce, Windsor, Ontario.

Eddie got as far as Missoula, Montana, but found that he was handicapped by a sticky valve. With the Bitter Root mountains still to fly over, Eddie flew around about three hours, hoping the engine trouble might clear, but no such luck, so he had to land. Eddie is a philosopher. "Sometimes you make it and sometimes you don't," he said.

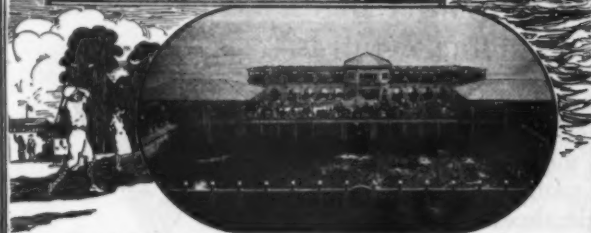
Duke Schiller only got as far as Billings, Montana, having to come down on account of gas. He only carried 350 gallons and both ships had to buck a strong prevailing northwest wind the whole distance. Their performance was truly remarkable and a credit to aviation.

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Illustrated Folder on Request

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Tune in on WFG at 9

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

A Birdseye View of Handling Mail

Continued from page 84

Rural carriers handle all kinds of mail and perform all kinds of service done in a post office, including registry, C. O. D., money orders, and so forth. They are supposed to be a "Post Office on Wheels." As a rule, they do their work in short hours, although in cold climates and bad conditions, they have hard times. In the city and village carrier service, we are now employing 61,892 persons, including substitutes. There are 3,494 post offices having village or city delivery service. Rural carriers do not deliver on Sunday, although air mail carriers make Sundays and holidays as well as other days. This fact should be well advertised.

The smallest post office, the last time I had it looked up was Raspberry, Arkansas, having receipts of \$8.65, but I find that in 1927 she was nosed out by Chambers, Georgia, which had \$8.45, while the largest is New York City, having receipts of \$72,699,907, Chicago being the runner-up, with receipts of \$61,249,744, these being for the fiscal year 1927. The postal organization in New York consists of 17,234 men, and in Chicago of 12,040. These tremendously large business centers are even greater centers when postal activities are considered. Mail seems to center disproportionately in these large cities, and the problem of handling it is raised to its most difficult degree. Should the mail service stagger or break down in the largest centers, it would do so everywhere. But as a matter of fact, we have a wonderful system in these two cities, developed to a very high degree of efficiency, and a study of them results only in amazement and admiration. Other large cities are equally efficient, but nearly all of our large cities have insufficient building accommodations, and this problem is now being taken up by President Coolidge and Congress in the extensive building program which they have initiated, and which we are attempting to carry out as fast as possible. The efficiency and economy of the service, as well as the health and comfort of the men in the service, demand adequate building accommodations. We are now paying \$18,000,000 annually in rent, the largest rent-payer in the world.

* * *

It has been my purpose in this address merely to trace the mail from the homes and offices through the various steps of handling until it arrives at other homes and offices, in order that we may have before us the picture as a whole, and in order that I might advise you at different points. I have not developed the banking side of our business, where in our postal savings bank we have total deposits amounting to \$147,442,052, nor have I gone into our money order or C. O. D. business in detail, nor amplified the story of our express business, nor told of our war on fraud and obscenity—only as they all become mail for dispatch and delivery. Neither have I attempted to boast, as I might have done, concerning our good service, our increased efficiency

measured in the cost of a dollar in revenue, of our improved morale, of our success in following the economy policies of our great President, of our complete co-operation with a thorough Director of the Budget, with an accurate Comptroller General, and a helpful Congress, nor of the many new methods and principles of business management which we have inaugurated. Rather have I attempted to so relate our mail-handling story as to reveal the points for improvement and strengthening, this being the purpose of our convention. I can only hope that I have helped some of you. I am obliged, however, in honor, to state my belief that the country never had at any time in its history a postal personnel of higher qualifications, of better character, or more loyal and patriotic men than we have today. I am proud to have labored with you for the best country in all the world, and under the most glorious flag that ever waved in protection over any people.

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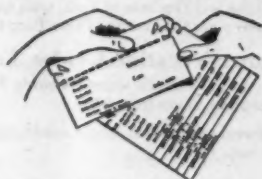
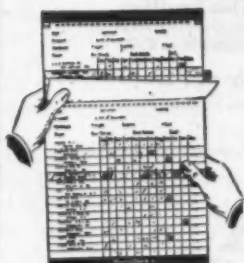
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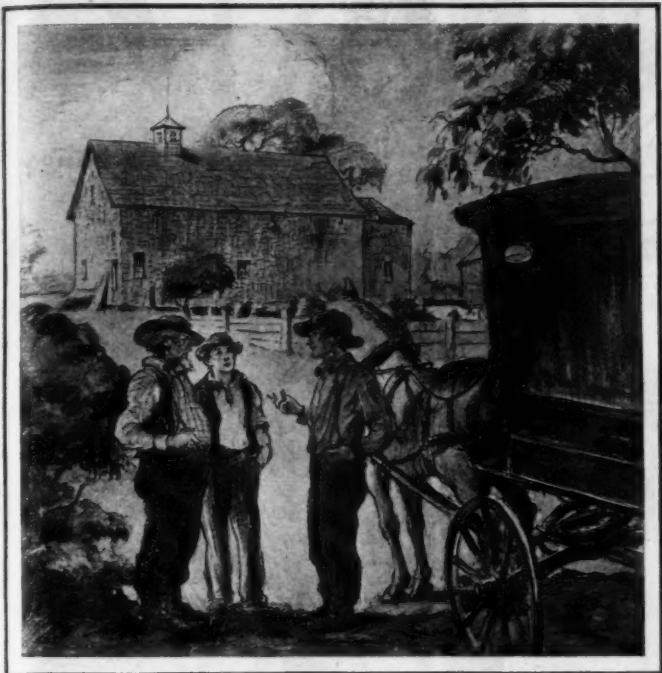
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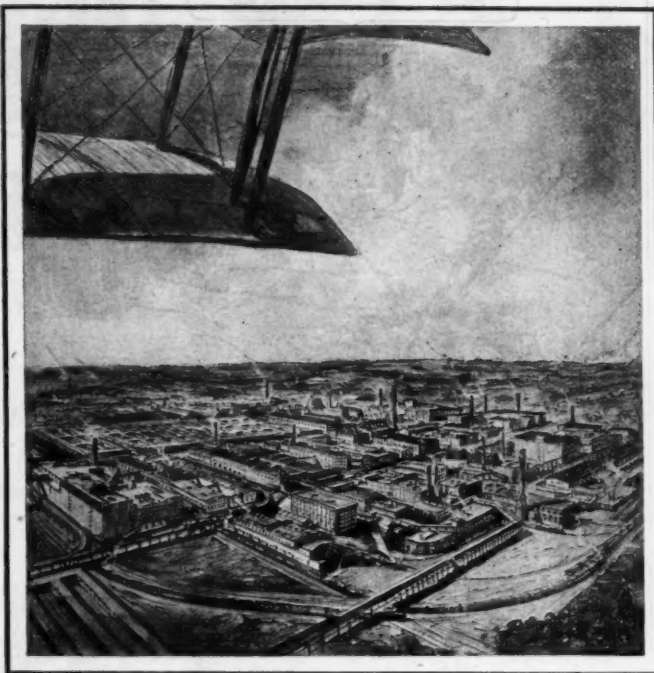
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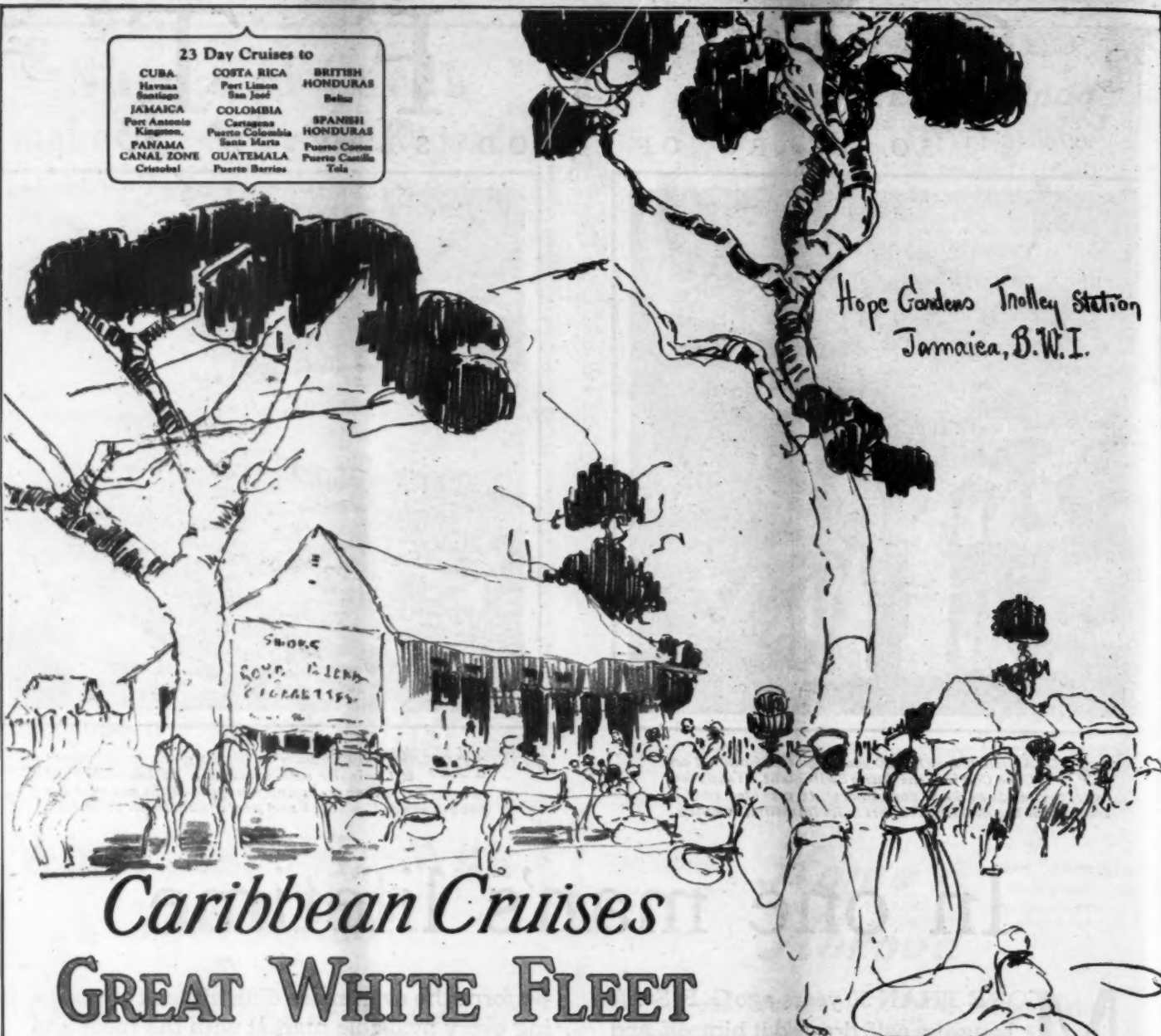
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